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Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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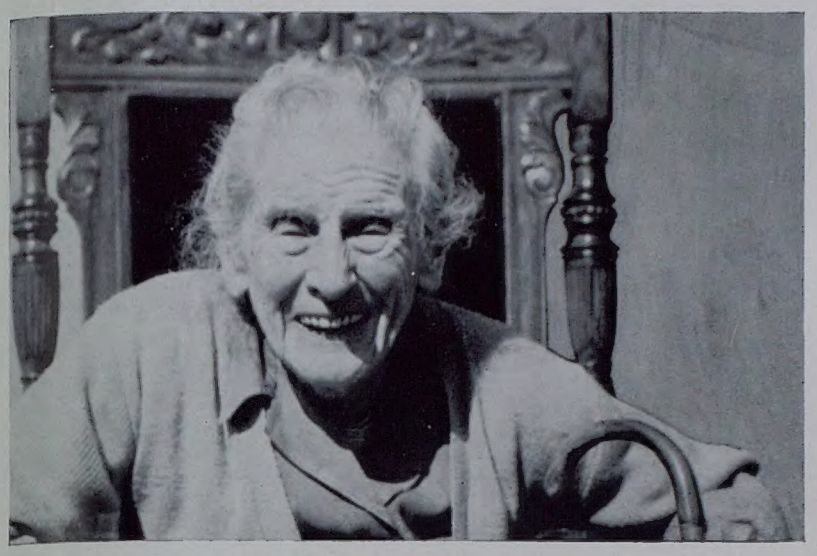

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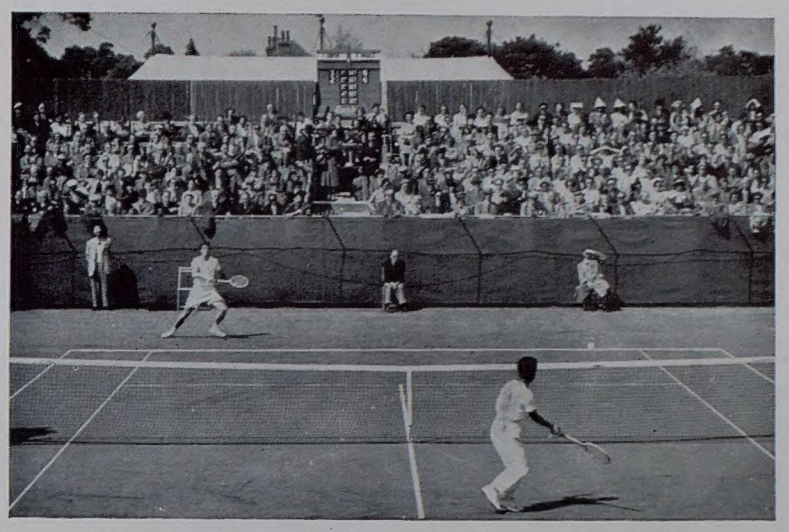

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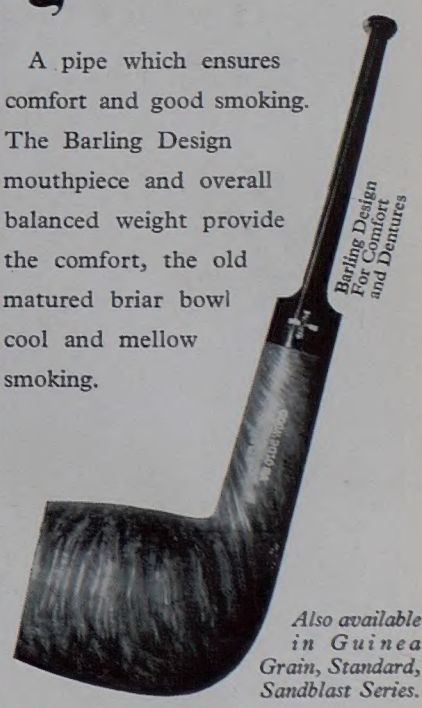

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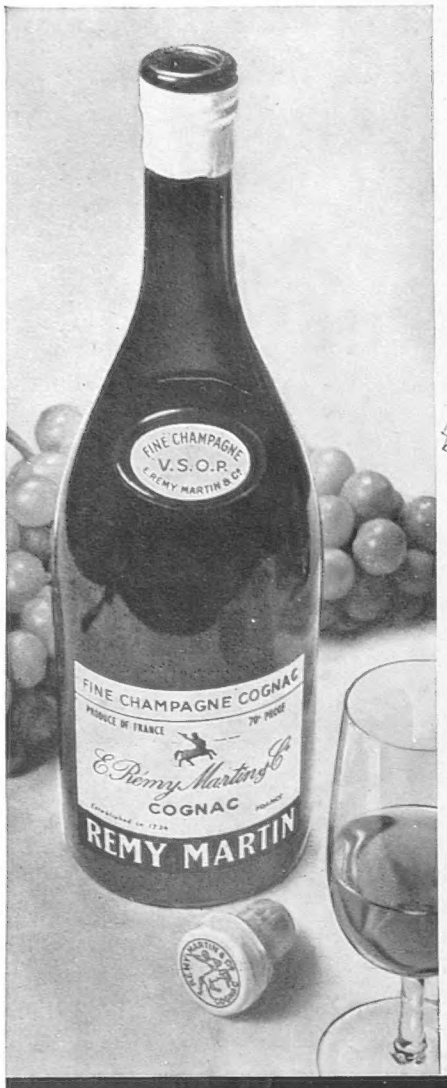

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Volume CCXXXVI No. 3075

The SPHERE, London, March 7, 1959

The SPHERE

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MR. MACMILLAN IN KIEV—HE WALKS ACROSS THE AIRPORT ON HIS ARRIVAL IN THE CAPITAL OF THE UKRAINE: With him is Mr. Kalchenko, Prime Minister of the Ukraine. Between them is Mr. Sukhodriev, one of the two interpreters who accompanied Mr. Macmillan during his tour of Russia. From Kiev the British Prime Minister flew to Leningrad, returning to Moscow last Sunday. After concluding his talks with Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Macmillan was due back in London on Tuesday.

In his journeying about the Soviet Union Mr. Macmillan preached a consistent theme—the need for peace through negotiation. Twice in Kiev he spoke on the need for this as the only means of easing international tension, and when on his arrival there the Prime Minister of the Ukraine also used the phrase, the British Prime Minister expressed an obvious pleasure at hearing at least one of his hosts echoing his opinions. In contrast Mr. Khrushchev's behaviour was a mixture of buffoonery and boorishness. When it became clear to him that Mr. Macmillan was not prepared to participate in the kind of public circus envisaged by the Kremlin leaders, the Soviet Premier sulked, made a public aggressive speech, as did Mr. Mikoyan, and imparted to a conference of fellow-travellers information about the talks—thought by the British side to be private if not secret—which were being held in the Kremlin. As Mr. Macmillan prepared to return home, serious observers believed that his trip had not altogether been valueless. He had been able to carry out his stated aim of gauging the present state of opinion in Russia. (Further pictures from Russia on pages 351 and 358–359.)

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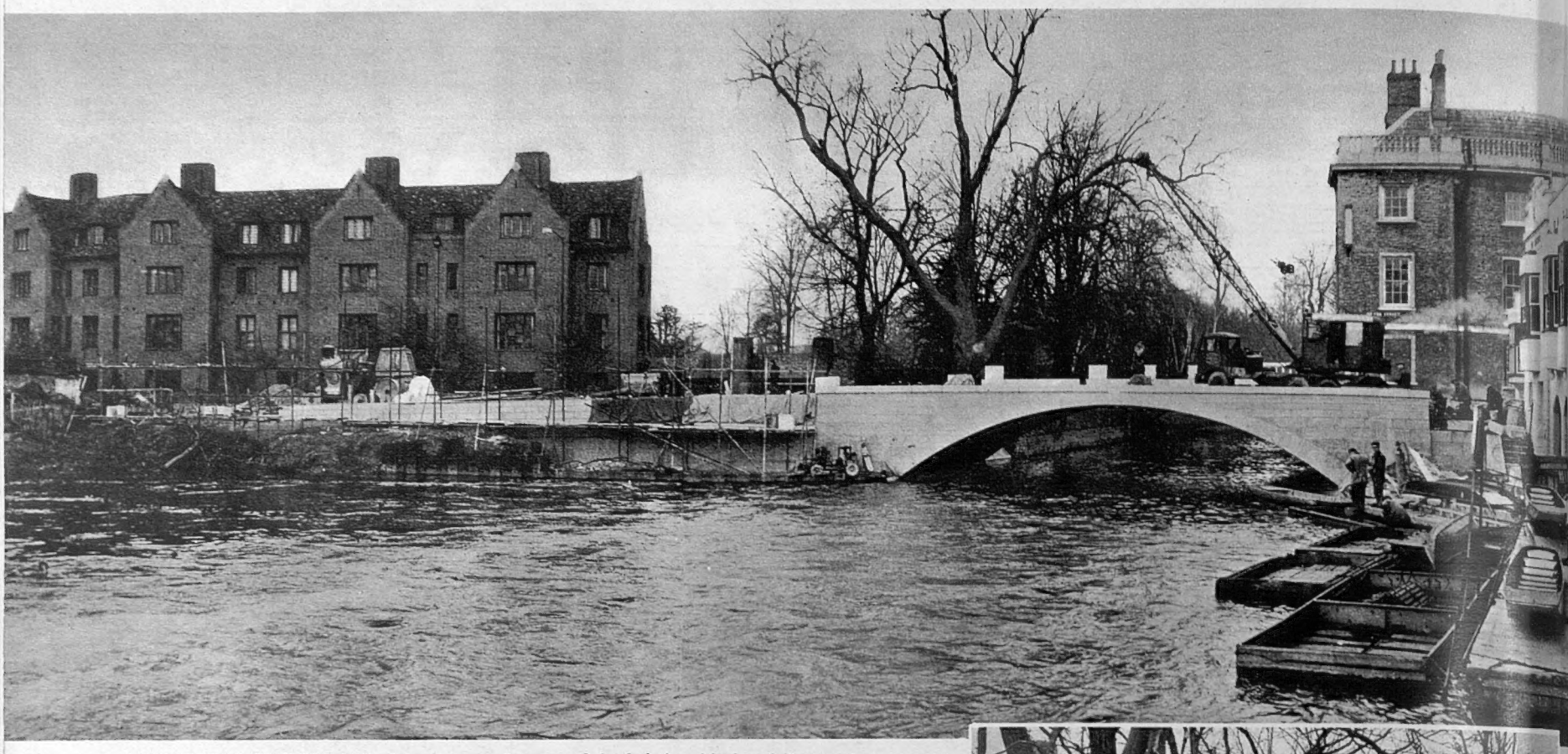


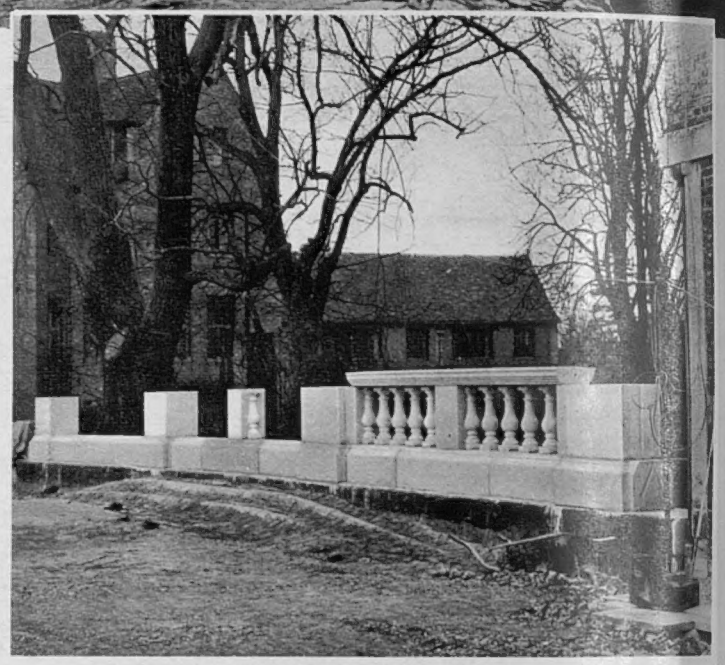
A NEW BRIDGE OVER THE CAM: A large crane is engaged in hoisting blocks of Portland stone used in the construction of the new Silver Street bridge in Cambridge. On the left is the Fisher Building of Queens' College. Right is the punt landing-stage in front of the Anchor Inn. The new bridge replaces an early nineteenth-century iron structure which had a 2-ton weight limit. The new bridge is being erected to a design by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Not Died in Vain?—While the Premier was exploring in the Kremlin (leaving no stone unturned while Mr. K. dropped an occasional extra brick) and while early reactions to the London agreement on Cyprus were being made known, I thought a good deal about that comfortable phrase that the men who died in Cyprus' four years of horror "did not die in vain." One day I suppose the nations, great and small, will realise that, once a nation, however small, is set on attaining independence and sovereignty, no force of arms, however massive, can successfully or definitively bludgeon it from its purpose. Whether that determination to be free is widespread and unalterable in a small island or in a great satellite nation, it is the same story as that of a small lawn beset with moles. You can check the "underground movement" here and there, trap a few moles, gas a few more, smooth out and re-level a section of lawn here; but until the moles have completed their purpose, for ever new mole-hills will spring up where you least expect them. There is no solution for the modern impulse to be free but in recognising it, and from the start, if scores of innocent lives and infinite expenditure of money and treasure are not for sacrifice. The post-war history of civilisation has been a continuous tragedy through failure to accept the inevitability of that inflexible determination to attain freedom. That failure has led to refusal on both sides to moderate demands or grant concessions, to make sacrifices of principles to achieve a workable solution, even while law and order must be maintained. As each new problem has arisen, the "haves" and the "have-nots" have taken up extreme positions, and have tried to enforce them by force, until so many lives and so much treasure have been sacrificed in vain, that at long last a doctor's mandate to heal a running sore brings both sides closer together, persuades them of the folly of *ne plus ultra* slogans and foolish face-saving, and at last unites them in the common purpose of saving something from the wreck. Innumerable lives, uncountable treasure, have been thrown away since the wars in these tragedies of pride and obstinacy and *all* must be written off as futile sacrifices until the bitter lessons are proved to have been learned, and the leaders of all nations have accepted that freedom can be scotched, not killed, and that freedom, to be worth anything, implies self-sacrifice and discipline and can never mean licence and self-interest. If a year hence, the Cyprus settlement has given hopeful proof that it is working, and will work, reasonably well, then will be time enough to use that comfortable phrase "Not died in vain." For in the Cyprus Republic the world watches a mighty test case.

Lord Attlee's Utterances—Perhaps Lord Attlee has proved the case in recent weeks for higher pensions for ex-Premiers to a scale that would make them really independent of the necessity to supplement their resources in retirement. No one would dispute that a modern Premier earns his keep and deserves a carefree and easy retirement. So ill-equipped is Lord Attlee for public speaking, so honest and modest a man, that I feel sure he would not undertake public lecturing or TV screen interviews, unless the need to increase his income was very real. In a recent TV feature organised by Ed. Murrow, with Mr. Truman and Lord Attlee in converse, our ex-Premier came so badly out of it as to bring tears to many eyes, due to one cause or another; and in quite a few of his lectures and public utterances he has put his foot into it in a way which was unusual, if not deplorable, in a leading statesman, even in retirement. As an elocutionist he still has everything to learn. In the technique of TV screen appearances he is still a tyro; and, it seems, he does not take sufficient pains to edit his scripts or memorise what are appropriate pronouncements on political events and personalities from a world statesman. He should use the vehicle of the pen until ex-Premiers' pensions are adjusted to the cost of living. We are already all too prone to underrate the wisdom and abilities of leading statesmen who devote their lives and health to our betterment.



PART OF THE BRIDGE: The balustrade, which is made out of Portland stone, is partially complete. In the background is the Fisher Building of Queens', which was erected in 1936. The new bridge is 45 ft. wide.

The Jewish Home—It surprised me very much indeed to learn from highest authority in Israel that that restricted territory is well able and adapted for years to come to absorb into her economy all the Jews from Eastern Europe who could manage to reach her. Rumania, of late, gave permission for all of her 250,000 Jews to emigrate if they wished, and the bulk of them will choose Israel if they may. Naturally, if Israel expects and is prepared to absorb 100,000 immigrants this year into its population of only 5,000,000, the first few years will be the difficult years. There are natural resources to be opened up, land to be broken or reclaimed for agriculture, and all sorts of public works, from housing and irrigation to roads, to be begun. All take time. The increased immigration will coincide with a very bad harvest aftermath, and money and help will be badly needed to tide over the difficult first years. Fortunately, it is available. The Jewish community has no rival in generosity for causes it upholds. It plans to raise £37,000,000, and about the same huge sum is promised from the Jewish community in America, where generosity is not less a household word; and a big Israeli Government loan is to be raised in the U.S.A. in addition. The cost of bringing in, accommodating temporarily and feeding an average-size family of immigrants is put at well over £2,000 until the workers are offered jobs. Naturally, the news of greatly increased immigration of Jews to Israel is disturbing to Egypt and Arab neighbours and probably Mr. Ben-Gurion's assurance that 60 per cent. of Israel's available agricultural land remains to be cultivated, will not banish the never-sleeping fear of territorial expansion.

Public Opinion Polls—The remarkable accuracy claimed—especially in America—for public opinion polls must still be a matter of doubt for many like myself who have never been selected for canvass. *We* have not yet accepted such polls as a normal or reasonable method of planning ahead for social reform, statistical information or political trends, and our first answer to the interviewer at our door might be dusty: "What business is it of yours?" On the other hand, there are many who love to express themselves when a chance comes and are flattered by selection. Clearly not all questions are welcome. Those which incriminate the questionee might be truthfully answered by a "sharing" groupist, but not by me. Then again luck must play some part in the selection of the cross-section. Does it comprise all interests concerned, does it make allowance for the practical jokers and liars—surely a considerable fraction—among the cross-section? I have often heard (and have not doubted) that for decades past general elections have been decided by an "uncommitted" minority of the voters, "the wobblers"; that the bulk of the electorate have long been immovable, dyed-in-the-wool Socialists or Tories or Liberals, whom no arguments will sway; if so, the inclusion of any of these in a would-be "uncommitted" cross-section would seriously prejudice an accurate forecast of the next elections. But how is it possible to label the uncommitted? And if it were possible, what allowances can be made for *personal* likes and dislikes for the candidates in a given constituency or for unforeseeable local or national grievances arising to swing the scales against the party last in power? I cannot believe that such polls can produce 50 per cent. accuracy, even on the single issue of the nation's party preferences on the day

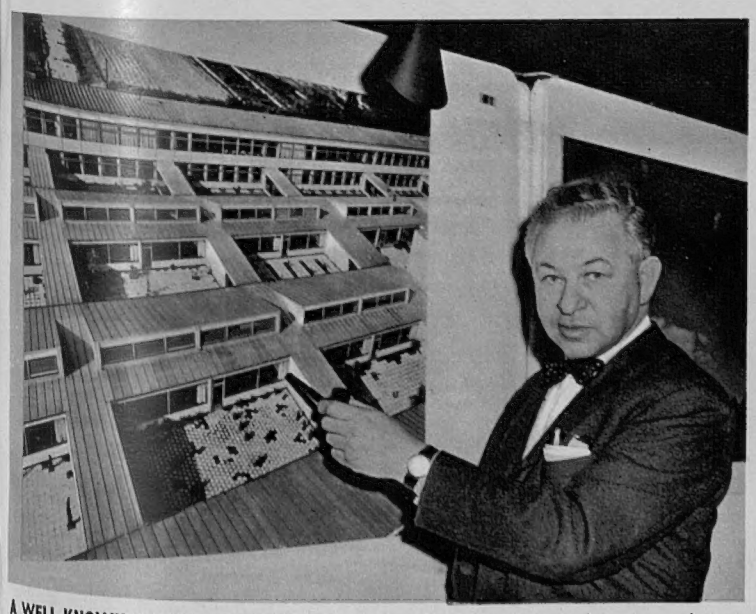
of the questionnaire. In fact, making full allowance for the jokers, the liars, the vain and the reluctant, the outraged, the flattered and the bored, and for the margin of error in the selection of the cross-section, I cannot see that any such poll could be 80 per cent. accurate on any question more complicated than " have you a TV set or a washing machine ? "—and even that question might turn a vain man into a liar. Naturally, any degree of success must depend on the choice and form of the questions and on the tact and psychology experience of the interviewer, but in successful pre-election polls, even these last essentials are of questionable importance. Who knows what may come between now and the general election to sway the uncommitted to the left or the right ?

"The Hungry Years"—Some controversy was recently raised over the manner of presentation by the B.B.C. of a feature dealing with unemployment at its worst in the hungry '30's. It was said to have a Socialist bias. The subject is certainly too near our present day not to evoke controversy among politicians on both sides who may have spoken and voted in the House in the days of National Governments. It led me to reflect on the difficulties of making balanced pictures of any situations which leave bitter memories. I was reading the much advertised *Rape of the Fair Country*, which so many Labour leaders and critics have hailed as a masterpiece. It is strong meat and galvanic writing but, if one accepted it as a "balanced" picture, one would have to accept it that in those dreadful days of the Chartists and the Iron Masters in South Wales, all too many of the little girls were prostitutes at thirteen years of age, not for money but for fun, a state of affairs not entirely attributable to appalling housing conditions or to starvation; and surely doubtfully accurate. It may fairly be said that an inkwell filled with vitriol could alone do justice to the horrors of those days and brand as they deserved the three leading iron-masters of the locality. Without pronouncing on the justice of the last, it is curious to turn up the late Lord Bessborough's *Lady Charlotte Guest*, if only to emphasise how divergent may be two points of view. Sir John Guest's masterful wife lived much at Dowlais in those dreadful years, busy with her schools and schemes of welfare for the workers' families; and it is difficult to believe that she *saw*, but deliberately dismissed, a picture of the horrors around her even 25 per cent. as lurid as that painted by the author of *Rape of the Fair Country*. I fancy she "went about doing good," as she believed sincerely, and perhaps no one is quite as black as he is sometimes painted. After all, the historians of the Stone Age make some allowance for conditions then obtaining and do not condemn or ridicule *in toto* the achievements and practices of Stone Age men.

ELECTING A NEW ALDERMAN IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The Lord Mayor, Sir Harold Gillett, presides at Aldersgate Ward-mote for the election of a new Alderman to succeed Sir George Wilkinson, who has retired. Mr. Gilbert Samuel Inglefield, a director of the Inglefield Group Ltd., and a member of the Haberdashers' Company, was chosen, but his election is subject to the approval of the Court of Aldermen of the City of London. It was the first election of a new Alderman in the Ward for twenty-five years. On the extreme left of the picture, taken at Ironmongers' Hall, is Mr. Desmond Heap, Comptroller and City Solicitor. On the other side of the Lord Mayor is Mr. Deputy Dickson, and on the extreme right of the picture are Common Councilmen. Sir George Wilkinson, the former Alderman for the Aldersgate Ward, was Lord Mayor from 1940 to 1941.

Laurence Housman—Laurence Housman died last week at the great age of ninety-three. He was the younger brother of A. E., a poet of acknowledged excellence, who published less than did Gray and is best remembered like Gray for one great poem or poetic series. Laurence wrote and published a vast number of books and plays on every variety of subject. He was a reformer and a rebel, and embraced all kinds of causes. He lifted his name into news with his play *Victoria Regina*, for years banned by the Lord Chamberlain as breaking the golden rule that sovereigns must not be presented on the stage until after the deaths of their last surviving children. King Edward VIII relaxed the rule. In 1937 this play was a hit in London and in America. Artist first, author for sixty years and actor in some of his own plays, Housman deserved public remembrance (in my opinion) for his share in *Prunella*, an enchanting whimsy which Granville Barker produced and helped him to write, and I suspect that Housman was responsible for the lovely sentimental poetry. He was writing when Tennyson was still living. His active span stretched from *Locksley Hall* to *Lolita*, as a biographist pointed out. He grew up in authorship with Wilde and Shaw, and when he died, he had lived through a social revolution which left nothing for censorship to pronounce on but the most liberal possible interpretation of obscenity.

Barchester Towers—The possibilities of drama presented on the TV screen are now being satisfactorily proved in the production of *Barchester Towers* weekly. Trollope's masterpiece made a good play on the living stage and I well remember it. It is better on TV. Trollope was a discursive author and the best novels he wrote were padded with boring passages and irrelevant sub-plots. The dramatist for the living theatre could, and did, prune and select. The TV dramatist has far more aids in selection of vital scenes and quick, continuous sustention of interest. On the TV screen, the cast could hardly be bettered. The Archdeacon's visit to the Bishop and to Lady Lufton reveal him in a character more real and plausible than Trollope could make him, and Crawley, too, gains in plausibility with a fairer balance struck between his pride and obstinacy on the one hand and his sordid eccentricities on the other, and that, too, helps along Grace's love-story. Trollope was himself so fair-minded and restrained in balancing the good with the bad in his characters that he perhaps contributes more to dramatic presentation than do most authors of dramatised novels. In this production on TV of *Barchester Towers*, admirable casting, brilliant selection and restraint make all the main characters (even Mrs. Proudie) understandable, sympathetic, interesting and true to life (even to-day), and reveal Trollope at his finest, with his irrelevance and occasional turgidness purged away.

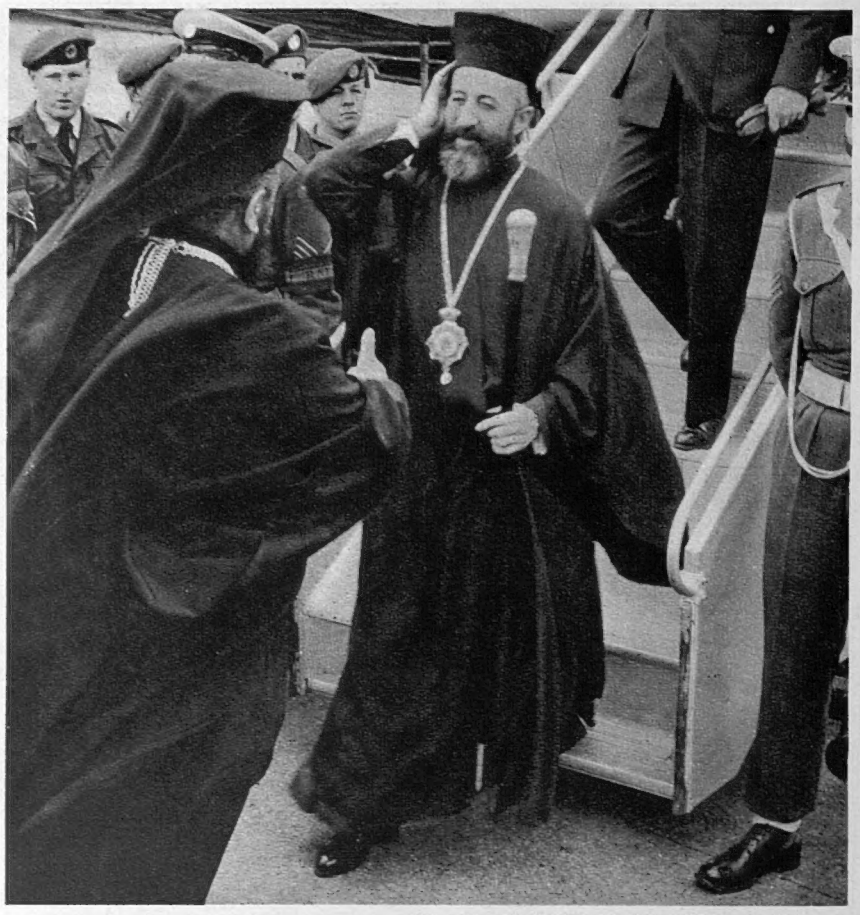


A WELL-KNOWN DANISH ARCHITECT: Professor Arne Jacobsen points to a picture of one of the schools he designed on show in the exhibition of his works at the R.I.B.A. Galleries in London. He has done much work in designing houses, schools, industrial and public buildings. There have been reports that he may be consulted in the design for St. Catherine's College, Oxford.

Decay of Initials—I was pleased to find that I had no difficulty at all in fitting surnames to the great cricketers of the past whose threefold initials were listed in a *Times* fourth article: S. M. J., B. T. J., H. D. G., and so on. This specialised knowledge was largely acquired at my private school, and only what I learned there is accurately remembered to-day. The writer was deploring the loss of interest in cricket (and proof of the sad truth was clearly seen when a B.B.C. news bulletin uniquely omitted all mention of the state of the game in an Australia–England Test match). The writer put down some of that loss of interest to the fact that our star cricketers to-day don't run to three-decker initials, or, if they do, do not exploit them. He regrets the modern damnable fashion of everybody calling everybody else by his Christian name, even if he has never spoken to him. And certainly that practice once marked the " bounder "; but to-day it is all part of our outwardly " all brothers together " attitude, which is not without its charm. There are many reasons why Test cricket to-day should have lost public interest and the disuse of three-decker initials no doubt is not in the first half-dozen! But it is a pleasant conceit, and perhaps the explanation of its disuse is the fact that permutations of initial letters for political, social and industrial organisations have exhausted the choices or would worse confuse the cricketer. S. M. J. would not suggest Woods, but a Society for the Militarisation of Jordan, B. T. J. the Board of Trade Journal, and A. P. F. an Atomic Power Federation or Anglers' Pensions Fund. Even if prospective cricketers were supplied with a dozen Christian names (like the Tollemache family), the future of cricket would be no more assured. G.A.T.T. and U.N.E.S.C.O. are only runners-up in the race to nobble the whole alphabet for a " short " description of a single unit.

February Fill-dyke—This has been a very dry February and one may almost ask " why in the world the old folks " called it February Fill-dyke. Looking into it, I note that only once since 1953 in west Sussex did February fill the dykes—in 1957. In 1958 and 1959, it produced no more than a small fraction of 1 in. My researches do not show that February has anticipated the droughts of March in recent years. We may always expect a month-long drought in early spring. Certainly since 1953 the March rainfalls have been well under the average of 2 ins., and generally the rain average of the first quarter of the years has been remarkably low. Aprils also have been very dry, averaging a good deal less than 2 ins. " April showers bring forth May flowers," said the old folk. I suppose we always relied for the bulk of our rain on the autumn months, though we have become all too much accustomed to wet summers.

THE OLD STAGER



THE END OF THREE YEARS' EXILE: Archbishop Makarios steps from his aircraft at Nicosia Airport on his arrival in Cyprus from London. Greeting him is the Bishop of Kitium, who had been acting as Ethnarch during the Archbishop's three years of exile. Inside the airliner he had been welcomed by Sir Hugh Foot and other officials. Then the Archbishop drove through dense and delirious crowds to the episcopal palace in the centre of Nicosia.

MAKARIOS RETURNS

The Archbishop's Triumphal Arrival Back in Cyprus

AN APPEAL FOR UNITY: From the balcony of his palace, Archbishop Makarios addresses a vast throng. Having praised EOKA, he called for unity within Cyprus so that the island could play its part in conciliation in the larger world still torn by strife.

GREEK CYPRIOTS ACCLAIM THE RETURN OF THEIR LEADER : Standing in his car the Archbishop drives through a beflagged street with a frenzied crowd slowing his progress by the wildness of their welcome. It was estimated that about 150,000 people had gathered in Nicosia to participate in his day of triumph. For the last few yards of the journey to his palace his car was dragged by a surging mass of people. Among those driving in the procession was Archbishop Makarios' seventy-five-year-old father.

TALKS IN A COUNTRY RETREAT: From left to right are Mr. Gromyko; Mr. Khrushchev; Mr. Macmillan; Mr. Selwyn Lloyd; Mr. Malik, the Soviet Ambassador in London, and Mr. Mikoyan. They were meeting for talks in the villa outside Moscow put at the disposal of the British party. This marked the second phase in the Anglo-Soviet conversations, for Mr. Khrushchev had begun violent public utterances on the subject of Germany, apparently in the mistaken belief that such tactics might affect Mr. Macmillan's consistent exposition of the Western view on the European settlement.

MACMILLAN ON TOUR

Two Aspects of His Travels in Russia

On left—

MEETING THE PEOPLE: Mr. Macmillan leaves a building on a large collective farm a few miles from Kiev. On right, in front, is Mr. Brovchenko, Chairman of the farm, and immediately behind him is Mr. Kalchenko, the Premier of the Ukraine. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is in centre background. The farm, of some 6,000 acres, provides a livelihood for about 700 families. A large crowd gathered to greet the British visitors and followed them on their tour of cattle houses and lines of tractors and harvesters. Later in the day Mr. Macmillan attended a dinner in Kiev given by Mr. Kalchenko. The British Prime Minister spoke of the advances in social welfare made in Britain and, as he had seen, in Russia. Both countries had hopes and plans for further improvements but these would be at once destroyed if peace was not preserved. Frankly admitting the existence of difficulties between their two nations, he went on to urge once more his theme of peace through negotiations.

VIOLENCE IN NYASALAND

Fears of a "Showdown" Between European Rule and African Nationalism

To many observers of the African scene events of the recent weeks in Rhodesia and Nyasaland, succeeding those in Guinea and the Belgian Congo, have seemed to indicate that a collision is inevitable between white authorities and African nationalism. The disturbances and riots in Nyasaland correspond with the return to the country after many years of voluntary exile of Dr. Hastings Banda. A militant nationalism was awakened. Troops had to be called into Nyasaland to deal with disturbances and attacks on communications by the African National Congress.

The reasons for the trouble seemed to be clear. In 1953, the Central African Federation was created. Nyasaland, a British Protectorate, was compelled to join this, despite a vast amount of opposition from the predominantly African population. Since then, African leaders have demanded secession from a federation which they felt was dominated by Europeans and have asked for an internal self-government, either under the rule of the Colonial Office, or in a new association with Tanganyika or Uganda.

Sir Roy Welensky, the Rhodesian Federal Prime Minister, has asked for some sort of Dominion status for the Federation by 1960. Nyasaland leaders have been pressing for a new constitution to ensure their representation in discussions of their country's future. Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, announced a "state of emergency" and said that leaders of the African Congress Party had been arrested. At that time this had not been done in Nyasaland, where the disturbances had occurred.

On right—
REFUSAL TO LEAVE: Mr. John Stonehouse, a British Labour M.P., refused to leave Rhodesia although asked to do so within 24 hours. Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, said that Mr. Stonehouse's visit was "inopportune." Last Tuesday the M.P. was arrested and deported by air from Lusaka.

AFRICAN NATIONALISM: Members of the Nyasaland African National Congress listen to speeches made at the Ndirande welfare centre. The culmination of tension within the Central African Federation was the declaration of a state of emergency in Southern Rhodesia and the banning of the African National Congress as an illegal organisation. Troops were sent to Nyasaland to deal with the disturbances.

On left—
AFRICAN LEADER: Dr. Hastings Banda, the leader of the Nyasaland African Congress, returned home recently after many years of voluntary exile. His return stimulated the militant nationalism of the Nyasas.

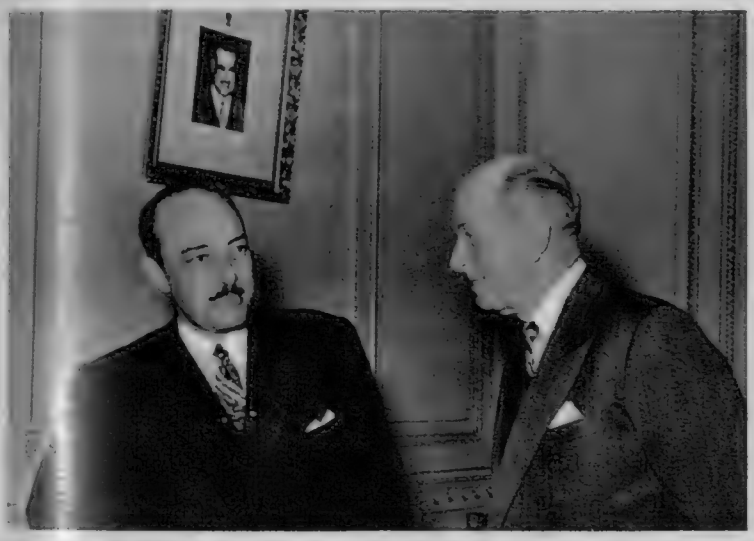
A SHOW OF STRENGTH: Men of the Second Battalion, the King's African Rifles, march through Blantyre, in Nyasaland. The battalion was stationed in the British Protectorate and was forced to open fire during the riots. It was strengthened by the addition of the First Battalion, which was moved from Northern Rhodesia.

RIOTS IN BLANTYRE: A police officer fires a tear gas grenade from a riot gun during disturbances in Blantyre. The town was patrolled by troops and police as more soldiers were flown in.

The News in Pictures

CIVIL DISORDER IN MALTA: Helmeted police are engaged in final operations after being called out to quell riots in the dockyard at Malta. Disorders began when 6,000 workers found dismissal notices in their pay packets.

RIOTS IN THE DOCKYARD: Firemen are engaged in putting out a fire in the left foreground and police are gathered on the right in the docks at Malta. The fire had been started by some of the rioters. Property and shipping were damaged by stones and other missiles being thrown and cars were overturned or pushed into the dry-dock. Rear-Admiral J. Lee-Barber, the Admiral Superintendent, was stoned and slightly injured. According to an official statement, workers who received dismissal notices were informed at the same time that at the end of the month the dockyard was being transferred from the Admiralty to a private ship-repairing firm, Messrs. Baileys, and would be turned into a commercial yard. The statement added that disruptive elements opposed to the transfer had organised the riots, which lasted for two hours before order was restored.



THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FINANCIAL AGREEMENT SIGNED: In Cairo, Mr. Eugene Black, the President of the World Bank (right), talks to Dr. Kaissouny, the U.A.R. Minister of Finance. Mr. Black flew to Cairo for informal negotiations which led to the successful end of the long sequence of differences between Egypt and Great Britain. The agreement was signed by Mr. F. J. Erroll, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, and Dr. Kaissouny. According to a statement issued in Cairo, the text of the agreement is the same as that initialled in January, but the interpretation of the word "Egyptianised" has been clarified. Much of the delay was caused by disagreement over the Smouha Estate outside Alexandria.

On left—

MARSHAL TITO ON THE WAY HOME: The President of Yugoslavia stands in Cairo with President Nasser. His stay in Egypt marked the final stage in Marshal Tito's long tour of Asia and Africa which included visits to Indonesia, Burma, India, Ceylon, Ethiopia and the Sudan. At the beginning of this week great interest was being attached to his journey home. He was travelling by way of Rhodes to meet the Greek Prime Minister and Foreign Minister. It was believed there might be talk of a revival of the Balkan Pact.

A RUSSIAN TRAWLER BOARDED IN THE ATLANTIC: In the foreground is the Russian trawler *Novorossisk* with, in the background, the U.S. radar escort picket *Roy O. Hale*. A party from the American vessel boarded the trawler about 120 miles off Newfoundland, while investigating breaks in five transatlantic undersea cables. Later the leader of the boarding party said he believed the Russian trawler cut the cables by accident. No thorough search was made, but the *Novorossisk* appeared to be unarmed.

RIOTS IN BEIRUT: Firemen fight the flames on a streetcar set alight during riots which broke out in the two main squares of the city. Armoured cars were placed at vantage points and troops patrolled the streets. The origin of the trouble was believed to have been the showing of a film of President de Gaulle. The Falangists, chiefly a party of militant Maronite Christians, cheered, while the Najjadists, the Muslim party, booed. The parties, who were bitterly opposed in the revolution last year, have recently accused each other of preparing for further trouble.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE QUEEN MOTHER RETURNS FROM AFRICA: She is met at London Airport by the Queen and Princess Margaret after flying from Entebbe at the end of her three-week visit to Kenya and Uganda. Both the Queen and Princess Margaret are wearing mourning for Princess Arthur of Connaught. The first part of the Queen Mother's tour, which was devoted to engagements in Nairobi and other parts of Kenya, included an overnight visit to Treetops Hotel, near Nyeri. During her stay in Uganda, she visited the Kabaka at the Buganda Government's headquarters near Kampala, and the Owen Falls Hydro-Electric Scheme.

SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN RETURN TO ENGLAND: They are seen aboard the liner *Queen Elizabeth* shortly before leaving New York on the last stage of their homeward journey. Sir Anthony and Lady Eden had travelled to New York from Mexico, where they had been spending a ten-week holiday. In Mexico the former Prime Minister spent much time working on his memoirs. Speaking in New York, Sir Anthony said he thought Mr. Macmillan was right in going to Moscow. " If each side," he said, " has a clearer view of the other's position, even if they do not agree, it is better than that agreement is thought to exist when it does not."

On right—

EAST BOURNEMOUTH REJECTS ITS M.P.: Mr. Nigel Nicolson, the Member for Bournemouth East and Christchurch, sits in his father's chambers in Albany, London, after hearing the news that he had been defeated in the postal ballot of Conservative Association members in his constituency. The result showed 3,762 voters being against Mr. Nicolson continuing as their Parliamentary representative and 3,671 in favour of him. Thus Bournemouth disowned its M.P., as the climax of a dispute which began in the Suez crisis.

On left—

OXFORD DEBATES FRANCE: M. Mendès-France, the former French Premier, talks with Mr. Lakshman Kadirgamar, the President of the Oxford Union Society, and his wife. The Union had just finished debating the motion that " This House is alarmed by recent events in France " to which M. Mendès-France was the principal speaker. His speech to a packed house was relayed to another audience in the Smoke-room. The ex-Premier declared that economics and Algeria were the key problems in France and that he did not believe General de Gaulle was tackling them in the right manner. The motion was passed by 359 votes to 346.

A FAMOUS RUBENS PICTURE DAMAGED: The curator and chief restorer of the Bavarian State Art Collection examine the damage caused by acid, thrown at the painting in the Alte Pinakothek, Munich. The picture, "The Fall of the Damned," was badly damaged; about one-fifth was ruined. It was reported that a successful restoration might be possible.

EXPLOSION AT ALDERMASTON: The building on the right, at the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment in Berkshire, was severely damaged by fire after an explosion in which two men were killed. The explosion took place as explosives of a " conventional " type, were being unloaded in wooden boxes from an electric trolley. They were being taken from one explosives workshop to another for temporary storage. Later, the Atomic Energy Authority said that there was no radioactivity hazard to either staff or the public. No radioactive materials had been involved. The establishment's strict security measures were intensified and police patrolled the grounds. An inquiry was ordered.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE TURKISH PREMIER FLIES HOME: Mr. Menderes walks to his aeroplane at London Airport with Mr. John Profumo, Minister of State at the Foreign Office. The Turkish Prime Minister was returning home, having recovered from the tragic accident which occurred to the aircraft in which he was flying to London for the Cyprus conference.

MR. MENDERES THANKS HIS RESCUERS: He shakes hands with Mrs. Bailey, whose husband is behind them, outside their farmhouse near Crawley. On the extreme left is Mr. Fenman, Mr. Menderes' secretary, who also escaped with his life from the accident. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were first on the scene after the Turkish aircraft had crashed and gave first-aid to the Prime Minister in their house. They have been invited to visit Turkey next summer as the guests of Mr. Menderes. A similar invitation was given to Dr. Ronald Knight, who practises in the locality and attended to him before he was taken to a nursing home in London.

On left—

AN ENGINE LOST IN MID-AIR: A Boeing 707 jet airliner of Pan American Airways is seen in the hangar area at London Airport after it had landed safely on three engines. The aircraft, one of the latest of the American jet airliners, was on a training flight from Paris when one of the engines on the starboard wing fell off.

ON STRIKE AT DAGENHAM: A mass meeting of employees of the Ford Motor Company is held outside the factory. Some 2,000 men who were laid off pledged full support to the door-assemblers who had gone on strike. Mr. Jack Mitchell, the car-body factory convenor, suggested that the firm should suspend Mr. Havard, a spot welder, who was working at Dagenham and who had been expelled from the Amalgamated Engineering Union for non-payment of dues. An unofficial "closed shop" strike was called and led to 3,500 men being laid off. The policy of the Ford Motor Company is that union membership is no concern of theirs. The Amalgamated Engineering Union refused to back the strike.

AN ALMOST DESERTED STEEL STRIP MILL: In this view can be seen the works of the Steel Company of Wales at Port Talbot. Some 10,000 men went on strike over the dismissal of a clerk. They were called out by the joint group of twenty-four branches of the British Iron, Steel and Kindred Trades Association. Later, the strike was called off after it was agreed that there were to be talks with the Avon staff branch and the divisional officer. An organiser of the B.I.S.A.K.T.A. said that the strike was unconstitutional. The company stated, in reply to the strikers, that the clerk was dismissed for "repeated inaccuracy and inefficiency." It was estimated about 30,000 tons of crude steel were lost in the strike.

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THE NEWS IN PICTURES

FIRST PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS IN NEPAL: A voting booth set up inside a Hindu Temple dedicated to Shiva is overlooked by a stone lion. The temple is in the Katmandu valley. The Nepalese are voting for a House of Representatives under a constitution announced recently. Until the 1950-51 revolution, Nepal was ruled by the Rana family.

IN KATMANDU, THE CAPITAL OF NEPAL: A sacred cow wanders across a square as voters cast their ballots in the election. The electorate is voting for a House of Representatives created in the new constitution promulgated by King Mahendra this year. Voting will continue until April 3, when remote constituencies along the Tibetan border will go to the polls. Voting stations were set up beside ancient idols in temple courtyards. Despite early expectations, the eighteen constituencies which were the first to go to the polling booths recorded quite heavy returns. There are two main parties, besides the Communists. The Gorkha Parishad has been reported to be the creation of General Mrigenda, one of the family of hierarchical rulers. The party has a policy of moderate reform. Its rival is the Nepali Congress, who were the architects of the revolution. There are a number of splinter groups.

STUDENTS DEMONSTRATE ON THE TIROLESE QUESTION: A police vehicle charges students in Rome on the third day of protests over the Austrian attitude to the South Tirol. The demonstrations called for a strong Italian policy on the Tirol, which has for long been a matter of acrimony between Italy and Austria. President Segni stated that the right of carrying out the agreement between the two countries, designed to protect the interests of the German-speaking population of Italian South Tirol, rested with Italy.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN ROME: Students bear placards, one of which says "Not South Tirol, but Alto Adige"—the Italian name for the province. Police used fire hoses to prevent the demonstrators from reaching the Austrian Embassy.

TRIBAL WARFARE IN THE CONGO: In Brazzaville, in the middle Congo Republic of French Equatorial Africa, refugees are fed by a missionary society in the city. Political differences and inter-tribal hatred led to fierce bloodshed. Official figures recorded ninety-six deaths, but as the Army and Police extended their patrols in the shanty town of Potopoto, more bodies were found. The basis of the insurrection against the Prime Minister, Abbé Fulbert Youlou, was reported to be the desire of tribes other than Youlou's Balali to participate in the Government of the Republic.

DISCUSSIONS IN BRAZZAVILLE: The Prime Minister, Abbé Youlou (extreme left), talks in the street with members of his Cabinet. They had left the Government building where the Cabinet meeting took place. The Prime Minister arrested Opangault, the leader of the Opposition, and suspended sittings of Parliament. Though the situation in Brazzaville was reported to have become more peaceful, there were fears that fighting might break out in Pointenoire and Dolisie, where there was fierce political strife last year.

World Affairs

British Visitors to Moscow

By JOHN CONNELL

It is necessary, I believe—but I also suspect that it makes one a nuisance—to have a long memory about international affairs. I believe that for the diplomat or the diplomatic commentator, the axiom which E. M. Forster offered to the novelist, "only connect, only connect," is equally important, equally deserving of study and of implementation. There is no *tabula rasa* in international relations. The links between past and present, the insistent echoes—sometimes quietly warning, sometimes thunderous, sometimes sharply ironic—from past to present, are innumerable. We would be very foolish to neglect them. It was all very well for Mr Khrushchev to ask, in tones hardly less appealing than those in which Mr. Al Jolson used to address Sonny Boy, that his British guests should come with "clean hearts"; but if Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had gone to Moscow with minds empty of experience and of memory, they would have done their country and the world little or no service. If indeed they had gone proclaiming, as did one peculiarly ingenuous commentator, that this was a quite unique mission, responsible persons' respect for them as statesmen would have diminished steeply.

It is agreeable to record the belief that the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary are by no means the ninnies which their opponents habitually make them out to be. But what, in fact, is likely to be the ultimate value of this rapid, and spectacular, visit to the Soviet Union? I hope that my qualifications for offering my observations on the whole episode are not regarded by my readers as utterly beneath contempt because I have to confess frankly that I was not one of the vast circus troupe of reporters who preceded or accompanied Mr. Macmillan on his journey. I was not able, in person, to assess the symbolical significance of the fact that, twenty-four hours before the Prime Minister arrived, there was a thaw—climatic, not metaphorical—in Moscow. Nobody has photographed me in a funny hat. I have not found out for myself that the Moscow municipal authorities employ "massive, muscular women" as well as snow-ploughs to clear the streets after a snowfall. It did not fall to my lot to entertain the dubious Mr. Guy Burgess in my hotel room and listen to him uttering his familiar mixture of whining, boastings, and sneering jibes at my country.

Mine was the less sensational experience of sitting at home and pondering. I must admit that I find it a little disquieting that Mr. Macmillan has become so swiftly and so deeply addicted to the doubtful joys of perpetual foreign travel (even as the V.I.P. of V.I.P.s) and—apparently—a firm believer in "Diplomacy by Conference." His perseverance in this highly equivocal form of international negotiation is to me a rather melancholy proof of the wisdom of Lord Strang's observation: "The belief that personal intervention in the international field can arrest or substantially deflect the march of national purposes, rooted in history and geography and based on the facts of power, is one that dies hard."

One eminent statesman after another, on attaining supreme authority and responsibility in his own country, falls a victim to this arid fallacy. Sir Winston Churchill has said severely of his own immediate predecessor, "Mr. Chamberlain continued to believe that he had only to form a personal contact with the Dictators to effect a marked improvement in the world situation." But the history of Sir Winston's own term of office is, in no small measure, a record of arduous journeys all over the world in search of peace or victory, or both: again and again to Washington, to Cairo, Teheran, Quebec, Yalta and Moscow. Very fragile are the glasshouses in which we live.

There have been so many missions to Moscow, so many sincerely anxious—and generous—practical expressions of the belief that it is only necessary to get, in a mood of fellowship and frankness, round a big table ("Selwyn, dear boy, reach me a bottle of that mineral water, will you? I feel a little fuzzy in the head—it must be the steam heating") for all problems to be solved. I am indebted to Lord Templewood and Lord Strang for this manifestation of the fallacy in its most extreme form—in a letter written by President Roosevelt to Mr. Bullitt, the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, on August 30, 1942: "I have just a hunch that Stalin doesn't want anything but security for his country, and I think that if I give him everything I possibly can and ask nothing from him in return, *noblesse oblige*, he won't try to annex anything and will work for a world of democracy and peace."

Two-and-a-half years went by, and at Yalta, President Roosevelt, his own strength and courage fast ebbing on the grey tide of imminent death, was able to carry this pathetic and obsessive fantasy into effect, "giving" Stalin whole countries that were once free, and doing his utmost to add to his bounty large slices of the British Empire. It was at Yalta, I suspect, that Sir Winston Churchill became aware of the real dangers of this kind of diplomacy: they have a trick of showing themselves in a different light when you are in the position not of the carver but of the juicy dish waiting to be carved.

Mr. Macmillan is not *naif*, and he is not an appeaser by nature. His whole political record demonstrates, with admirable consistency, that he abhors the fashionable belief that it is right as well as expedient, in the search for "world peace" (whatever that may mean), to appease your enemies at the expense of your friends. His public utterances in Moscow were, from the outset, models of strength, sanity and common sense—to such an extent, indeed (and I do not think that this is insignificant), that he drove the *Daily Worker* into shrill and bitterly hostile comment. When he told his audience at the first Kremlin banquet after his arrival, "Imperialism is an episode in history; it is no longer a present reality," the *Daily Worker* asked, "Whose leg is he trying to pull?"; raged furiously because, further on in the same speech, Mr. Macmillan made a moderate, but entirely justified, reference to the Soviet continuation of Tsarist colonial expansion in Central Asia; and, in support of its thesis that "Imperialism is not yet dead, but it is certainly dying. It is the dying beast which is often the most dangerous," proclaimed its backing for the dissidents in Cyprus and the rioters and conspirators in Nyasaland.

In its clumsy and maladroit way, the *Daily Worker* is useful. It expounds the realities of Communist policy, masked as they may be from time to time by lavish hospitality, chit-chat about cultural exchanges, the rows of bowing footmen and the batteries of glasses upraised in toasts, cynically proposed, falsely drunk.

Of all the British missions that have taken the road to Moscow, which has produced any lasting, tangible and honourable result? In 1935 Sir Anthony Eden, all youthful zest, eagerness and desire to please? Lord Strang's own protracted sojourn there twenty years ago, ended rather abruptly by the signing of the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact, which hardened reactionaries like myself (I may be a trifle prejudiced by the fact that I had put on my uniform, three days earlier, to go off to T.A. camp, and did not take it off for slightly over six years) regard as the Sarajevo of World War II? The wartime visits of Sir Winston and Lord Beaverbrook? I recall Lord Alanbrooke's mordant description of the great glazed boar's head which so fascinated him at his first Kremlin banquet, and my disquiet and my doubts are by no means dissipated.

Mr. Khrushchev, it is usually argued, is a very different kettle of fish from Stalin. His manners, in what is supposed to be private conversation, are certainly a good deal worse. Stalin did not go to cocktail parties in foreign embassies—he was, after all, of a generation which had not got the cocktail party habit—and insult his hosts. However, what Mr. Khrushchev lacks in finesse he doubtless makes up for in cunning.

His abrupt offer of a treaty of non-aggression between Britain and the Soviet Union lasting for twenty or fifty years or longer—he was not fussy about the mere matter of the duration of the contract—was made while Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lloyd were eighty miles from Moscow, looking at the nuclear research institute at Dubna, and was addressed to his "constituents," whoever they may be. When, a few hours later, he rudely asked Mr. Lloyd, "How do you justify your post?" the Foreign Secretary, if he had not been a patient and courteous man, had an obvious *tu quoque* to fling back. Whom *does* Mr. Khrushchev really represent?

It would be an engaging diversion to imagine him settling down to a Friday evening "surgery" in his constituency, dealing with questions about pensions or matrimonial troubles. What kind of constituency is it? I think it may be assumed that it is unlikely to be marginal.

TALKS IN THE KREMLIN: On the far side of the table are, from left, Mr. Khrushchev; Mr. Mikoyan, the chief Deputy Premier; Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister; and Mr. Malik, Russian Ambassador to Britain. On the near side are, from left, Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Sir Patrick Reilly, British Ambassador to the Soviet Union. On the table are bottles of mineral water.

These mildly frivolous speculations apart, it was interesting to observe the reactions to what can only have been a calculated crudity. Whatever the professional diplomatists thought of it (and few were so unwise as to let slip an immediate, unguarded comment), it sent the horde of journalists shouting and jog-trotting along the corridors of the Ukrania Palace Hotel, which had earlier evoked from Mr. Randolph Churchill one of his more masterly pieces of understatement.

The whole episode, of course, has been a terrific journalists' beano. News editors, senior financial executives and (at a later date) income tax inspectors may cast a coolly critical eye over some expense accounts; but there can be no doubt that Fleet Street's round-trip to Moscow gave all the boys and girls not only a wonderful new line in hats, but also what too many of them are bound to call "a fresh angle" on East-West relations.

There is, however, a grimly serious side to it all. What degree of genuine understanding has been established? Is it indeed possible to reach any permanent understanding at all? Are jaunts of this kind, however well-intentioned on our Western side, not merely valuable instruments of propaganda on the other side of the Iron Curtain as well as in Africa and in Asia? The spectacle of European and American officials and politicians constantly scurrying hither and thither is no longer a private affair; it is watched, with a curious mixture of emotions (from which contempt and ridicule are by no means excluded), by millions of pairs of bright eyes in dusky faces. Not only for the sake of the health of the statesmen themselves, to say nothing of their staffs, but for deeper reasons of policy, I sometimes wonder whether there ought not to be a long close season for jet-propelled, high-level diplomacy.

A SOVIET BADGE FOR THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER: Mr. Khrushchev adjusts it in the lapel of Mr. Macmillan's coat during a reception at the British Embassy in Moscow. The atmosphere of affability had been somewhat strained earlier in the day by Mr. Khrushchev's public speech in which he laid down a number of demands to the Western Powers.

A GIFT FOR MR. KHRUSHCHEV: He and Mr. Mikoyan hold up a pair of Georgian silver candlesticks. They had been presented to the Soviet Prime Minister by Mr. Macmillan.

AT THE KREMLIN: Mr. Rashidov, who is Vice-President of the Soviet Union, greets Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. With them is Sir Patrick Reilly, the British Ambassador.

MEETINGS IN MOSCOW

Mr. Macmillan in the Soviet Capital

Mr. Macmillan's visit to Moscow began in an atmosphere of considerable cordiality on both sides. When it was announced that the British Prime Minister had cancelled his elk-shooting trip, arranged for last Wednesday, so that he could continue his talks with Mr. Khrushchev, there were hopes of some positive results being reached. However, by Wednesday there had been a marked change in the political air. While Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were out of Moscow at the Dubna nuclear research institute, Mr. Khrushchev chose to make a public speech. Ostensibly it was part of the election campaign for the Soviet of the Russian Republic. However, the Russian Premier appeared to be trying to force the diplomatic pace by suggesting that Britain and Russia should conclude a non-aggression pact. Then he went on to criticise Western proposals for the Foreign Ministers' conference on Berlin as being unacceptable to Russia.

In the evening there was a reception at the British Embassy. Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mikoyan had some light-hearted conversation about the merits of Californian wine and Scotch whisky and the virtues of Stilton cheese and Russian crabs were also reported to have been mentioned. Suddenly Mr. Khrushchev switched the talk and became extremely aggressive about British foreign policy. The tact and courtesy of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were needed to ease the situation.

PRESENTATION TO MR. MACMILLAN: He is given books and a small plaque by Mr. Petrovsky, the Rector, at Moscow University. Among the volumes is a history of Moscow University. In return Mr. Macmillan presented the University with a four-volume edition of the works of Shakespeare and an illustrated book about Oxford, which is his own university.

ENJOYING A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SOVIET CAPITAL: From the look down on the Lenin Stadium. On the next day the Prime at Dubna, 80 miles from Moscow. Then they returned

Above—

AN ADDRESS TO MOSCOW STUDENTS: The British Prime Minister speaks in a lecture room in Moscow University. Next to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is Mr. Malik, the Soviet Ambassador in London. On the other side of Mr. Macmillan is Mr. Petrovsky (bald-headed), the Rector of the University. During his visit Mr. Macmillan appealed for a greater number of British writings to be permitted in Russia. He believed this "would be of great value."

On right—

AT THE UNIVERSITY: The picture on the wall is of the outside of the vast building of the University. In the right background beyond Mr. Macmillan is a bust of Stalin. In his remarks the Prime Minister referred to the fame gained by Moscow University during the two centuries of its history and told his listeners that many of its famous sons were well-known names in Great Britain. He also spoke of a hope for a freer Anglo-Russian exchange of students.

twenty-second floor of the University building, Mr. Macmillan and his party Minister and the Foreign Secretary went to see the nuclear research institute to the capital for another busy day which was largely given to talks.

THE LAUNCH OF A SATELLITE

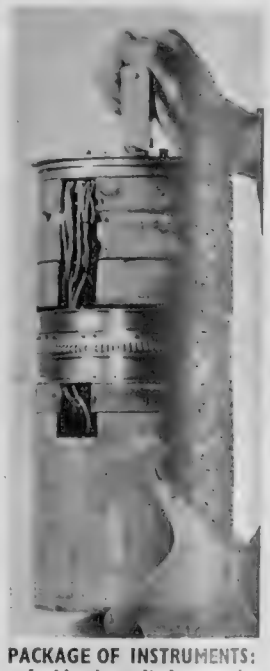
At Work on the Vanguard "Weather Eye" at Cape Canaveral

At Cape Canaveral, in Florida, the launching of a rocket-carrying satellite or long-range ballistic missile has become a matter of intricate routine rather than an international event. During 1958, the U.S.A., locked in space rivalry with the U.S.S.R., made seventeen launching attempts with satellites, lunar probes and space probes. Part of this programme was the Vanguard phase of the U.S. Navy's earth satellite schedule for the International Geophysical Year. This was dogged by failure and bad luck, and the remainder of the programme was taken over by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Under its direction, the Cloud-Cover Satellite was sent into orbit in February. Named Vanguard II, it joined in space Vanguard I, the other successful satellite launched by the highly complex three-stage rocket in January of last year and still in orbit. The "weather eye" satellite consists of a sphere, 20 ins. in diameter and 21½ lb. in weight. It is fitted with two photo-electric cells which scan part of the cloud that covers about 80 per cent. of the earth's surface. In about two weeks it was expected that the satellite would have reported enough information for a crude photographic picture to be built up.

The cells were designed to register cloud by picking up the reflected light of the sun. The comparatively crude signals were stored on a tape recorder to be transmitted to earth once on each circuit, about every 120 minutes. Although its instruments were not expected to work for more than a month at most, the satellite might remain in orbit for ever. Weather experts have become jubilant since information has been successfully received. If more weather eye satellites are put in orbit, by the end of the year there may be a detailed description of the pressure systems which ebb and flow over the globe.

Daily weather forecasts might not improve but there would be a great improvement in long-range forecasting of fine and rainy spells, prospects of a mild or cold winter and how hot summers are likely to be. A recent announcement of three more such satellites showed that the U.S.A. is taking weather forecasting seriously. The American schedule for this year also includes navigation and communications satellites. Others are the development of a single-stage rocket engine of a 1·5 million pounds thrust and work on a manned satellite. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration department has on order twelve complete satellite systems, some of which are to be launched this year.



PACKAGE OF INSTRUMENTS: Inside the cylinder are the electronic devices, packed in layers, which collect and transmit information. From top to bottom are a data transmitter, a radio receiver, a tape recorder for storing information, a tracking transmitter and mercury cell batteries. On the surface of the sphere in which the package is contained are two photo-electric cells, which record the density of light.

On left—

PREPARATIONS TO LAUNCH THE SATELLITE: At the site at Cape Canaveral, in Florida, technicians are clustered around the base of the Vanguard rocket carrying the "weather eye" satellite. This was successfully placed in orbit round the earth to radio back much information about cloud cover. The vast structure behind the slim rocket is the fuelling and checking tower. Built out from this are the platforms for servicing the various stages of the rocket. The bottom section is a large rocket using a liquid fuel. Above that is a smaller liquid-fuel rocket. This is surmounted by the third stage, a solid-fuel propellant, and then the nose cone and the small sphere containing the instrument package. The cloud of white efflux issuing from about half-way up indicates that the vehicle has been loaded with its fuel, part of which is liquid oxygen. From the pylon on right run lines which connect the missile's electrification, instrumentation and guidance systems to ground control. Guidance for the Vanguard is provided by an inertial reference system in the second stage.

A MOBILE OIL-DRILLING PLATFORM GOES BY SEA : *Above* and *below*—The "Orient Explorer" is towed by the tug *Thames* at the start of the voyage to British Borneo from Southampton, via the Suez Canal, a distance of 9,200 miles. When it arrives the drilling platform will be used by the Brunei Shell Petroleum Company for oil-drilling operations in the bed of the South China Sea.

A STRANGE TOW

The "Orient Explorer" sets out from Southampton for Borneo

An incongruous sight among the elegant liners in Southampton Water, the "Orient Explorer," the first mobile oil-drilling platform to be built in Great Britain, set out on its long journey to the South China Sea, towed by the tug *Thames*. The platform, with its four distinctive tall "chimneys"—its four 235-ft.-long retractable legs—is fitted with a helicopter landing stage and has been designed to withstand winds up to 100 m.p.h. Containing 3,000 tons of steel, it is 190 ft. long and 106 ft. wide. On this self-contained space, is air-conditioned living accommodation for fifty-six people. When the site for drilling operations is reached, the four legs are lowered to touch the sea-bottom. The platform is raised above the waves so that it is completely stable.

A LANDMARK BY THE GOLDEN HORN: The circular Galata Tower is a prominent feature in the district of Galata on the north-east side of the Golden Horn, the inlet of the Bosporus four miles in length round which Istanbul is built. The tower was erected as a watch-tower in the fifth century A.D. Around it are many modern buildings, for Galata is one of the chief business areas.

Most travellers are agreed that one of the finest views in the world is the approach by sea to Istanbul, preferably at dawn or sunset. As one's ship moves up the Bosporus from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn a magnificent panorama of domes, pinnacles and towers is a reminder that the city in its long history has been a seat of both Occidental and Oriental civilisation.

The Greeks built Byzantium in what is now the district of Stambul. The Atmeidan—the ancient hippodrome—is evidence to-day of their stay. However, it was in A.D. 330 under the Roman Constantine that the city entered one of its periods of greatest splendour. Renaming it Constantinople, he planned a capital for his vast Empire which was expanded to stand like Rome on seven hills. Art treasures were looted from Greece to add to the monuments and under Constantine's successor new buildings were frequently erected. The most notable was the cathedral of Hagia Sophia (Holy Wisdom), built between 532 and 537. For the best part of 1,000 years Constantinople was torn by rivalry between Latin and Greek rulers and frequently threatened by enemies from without. The Turks first appeared in the thirteenth century. Two hundred years later, in 1453, as every schoolboy knew in the days when history was a matter of dates, Constantinople fell to the Crescent and has remained Turkish ever since.

The Sultanate was not so consistently depraved as some writers proclaim but eventually the Sublime Porte committed suicide through its own inefficiency and after the First World War Turkey began a new age under Kemal Ataturk. The capital was moved to Ankara, in Asia, and Constantinople was officially given the name of Istanbul. It had been known vaguely for centuries as Islambol, the City of Many Muslims.

One of the chief features making Istanbul such an attractive place is the Golden Horn, a four-mile stretch of water running inland from the Bosporus. It is crossed by only two bridges, the Galata Bridge and the Ataturk Bridge. On the south bank is ancient Stambul, which has grown into Istanbul proper, and on the north are Galata and Beyoglu. There is also a section of the city in Asia, Uskudar, or Scutari, across the Bosporus.

Stambul has the finest collection of mosques in the world. The main mosque is, of course, Hagia Sophia, transformed from a cathedral in 1453. Others, which are splendid examples of Ottoman architecture, include the Suleiman, Bayazit, Ahmet and Selimje Mosques. Among secular buildings are the old bazaar, a labyrinth of covered shopping lanes, and the former Sultans' Palace, from the gates of which the government of the Sublime Porte was administered.

It is to the banks of the Golden Horn that the visitor again and again returns. Here in the shadow of so many ancient monuments is the hustle and bustle of Istanbul to-day, which though no longer the capital is still the chief commercial centre and port of the country. The municipal authorities have done much to improve the amenities of the city during the past forty years and Istanbul in itself is a symbol of the forward-looking policy of modern Turkey.

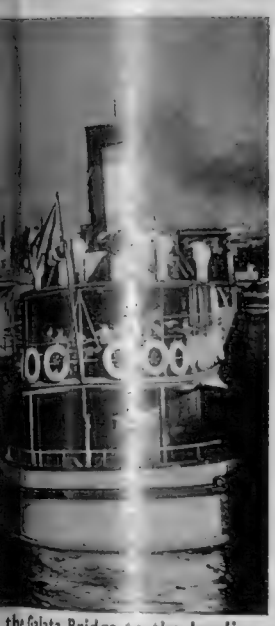
A BUSY FERRY: Passengers come down from t stage to board a ferry. Vessels cr (sometimes known as Scutari), the quar

SMALL AND LARGE CRAFT: Rowing-boats crowd the Golden Horn as sunset falls ov background is the Suleiman Mosque—the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnifice most beautiful of Ottoman buildings. *On left*—Ocean-going vessels lie at th

A BRIDGE AND A PANORAMA OF MOSQUES: ***Above, left*****— The Galata Bridge is at the entrance to the Golden Horn.** Many craft are tied up beneath it and the watermen in their rowing-boats are always ready to bargain for custom. *Above, right*—The view is taken from the Galata Tower. At the end of the bridge is the New Mosque. On the skyline immediately behind it is the Bayazit Mosque; in the centre is the Sultan Ahmet (Blue) Mosque, and on the left the famous St. Sophia.

ISTANBUL WATERFRONT

Scenes on the Banks of the Golden Horn



the Galata Bridge to the landing-
cross the Bosporus to Uskudar
arter of Istanbul which is in Asia.

ver Istanbul. Silhouetted in the
ent; sometimes regarded as the
he entrance to the Golden Horn.

ON THE WATERSIDE OF THE LARGEST CITY OF TURKEY: Behind the car-park on the extreme left rises the Bayazit Tower. In the right background is the Suleiman Mosque, and in front of it is the smaller Rustem Pasha Mosque. Istanbul, known in history first as Byzantium and later as Constantinople, took its present name in 1923 and is to-day a busy mercantile city with a population of about 1,040,000.

THE SIXTH BRITISH TOY FAIR

The Immense Scale and Variety of the Trade Exhibition Staged in Brighton

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

HAVING read notices about it, I went, being still a child at heart, down to Brighton to have a look at the sixth British Toy Fair, which was staged from February 16-20. The thing was given a pretty good send-off, I understand (I was not there, but I read about it in the local Press), with plenty of balloons and school-children—and a beauty queen—so that it came as a bit of a shock to find, when I turned up at the Corn Exchange, that it was not open to the public, but only to the "trade." In the case of the International Toy Fair, which was held in Harrogate in January, it had been made quite clear that the public would not be admitted, that it was a trade fair only, and that had saved me a journey. There was no indication that this was also to be the case in Brighton.

I must say, although I admit that I know nothing whatever about the business and am, therefore, talking out of turn, that it does seem a bit odd to me to stage a Fair like this and to exclude the public. Knowing nothing about it, I should have thought that the trade knew pretty well what was afoot in the business—they must surely do so to keep in the business—and that, in any case, they would be kept up to date with new lines by the manufacturers' representatives, the commercial travellers. But the public generally has, I feel sure, no idea at all of the immense scale and wonderful proficiency of the British Toy Industry. What would the Motor Show be like if the public were excluded, and what would be the effect on the internal sales of both cars and accessories?

ONE OF THE DELEGATIONS: Two members of the Japanese group of businessmen examine a novelty football game which was on view at the British Toy Fair. This was staged at the Corn Exchange and at various hotels in Brighton.

A PERFECT SCALE MODEL: Featured in one of the displays was the Corgi "Rocket Age" model of the Bristol-Ferranti Bloodhound guided missile. Toy models of modern weapons were much in evidence at the Fair.

This is a Fair which, if staged in the holidays, would attract children in droves. All the sensible ones would bring their mums and dads with them, just to make sure that they understood what decent parents should provide for their offspring. There must be some very compelling reason for keeping the public out altogether.

Not that they kept me out. I had no idea that it was only a trade fair (there was nothing on the door about it), so I just walked in. I was on my way into the main hall, when a very polite young man behind a desk asked me if I would like a catalogue, and could he help me, and what firm did I represent? I am sure that he must have known perfectly well that I had no connection with the trade, for I could not, wearing old flannels and a cap which my family have been begging me for years past to add to the compost heap, have looked as if I represented anybody. (Anyway, I saw plenty of buyers and they all looked very smart and prosperous.) When I said that I would like a catalogue, but that I did not represent anybody and was only going to have a look around, he told me, firmly but politely, that the public was not admitted. I then said, rather apologetically (for I had absolutely no way of proving it), that I had rather thought of writing about it. This he obviously, though politely, did not believe. He just looked at me. And then, suddenly, the defences crumbled. He gave me a charming smile and said, "Oh well, in that case . . ." I suppose I must have looked bitterly disappointed: possibly my eyes filled with tears. I passed into the main hall.

I had a simply marvellous time. I started off with dolls. I just had no idea that the doll business was anything like this. Of course, my sisters had dolls (I had a teddy bear myself) and I remember that the expensive ones would close and open their eyes, if you wiggled them about, and one or two would even squeak if you pinched them in the right place. My sisters, I remember, used to make clothes for their dolls, and the dolls themselves, if memory serves me right, were made in Germany. Now the dolls are British-made (and exquisitely made), and no longer, I imagine, does any small girl make clothes for her dolls. There is no need to do so: now, you can not only buy dolls with up-to-the-minute hair-styles (including pony-tails and all the latest television permanent waves) but also a most comprehensive range of dolls' wear, indoor and outdoor: teenage fashions, bridal trousseaux and all the rest, and all the accessories to go with them as well. As one of the exhibitors said to me: "Now your doll grows up with you." Well, thinking of some of my teenage neighbours, I rather wonder about that. But it is a nice idea.

Almost all the exhibitors to whom I spoke, by the way, were most courteous and helpful, enthusiastic about their products and only too delighted to talk about them and to demonstrate them, which was kind and pleasant of them, for it must have been evident to all of them that I was not a buyer. Maybe they were not quite as busy as they might have been, for it was a foggy day: but I do not think that this had anything to do with it, for I saw plenty of buyers about. No, I think that there is a genuine and vital enthusiasm about the British toy trade. Only one man among the dozens of exhibitors I spoke to made it obvious that he thought that I had evaded the security arrangements and was going to waste his time—which I did not.

I was not the only person to gain unorthodox entry. I was looking at a wonderful puppet exhibit of Gulliver in Lilliput, when I was joined by a small boy about twelve years old, who was as thrilled by it as I was. We got into conversation and ultimately I asked him, since this was a trade fair, if his parents owned a toy shop. This was greeted with a smirk. I then asked him how he had got past the man at the desk. He had no hesitation in answering. "Oh, easy," he said. "Waited for an important-looking chap and walked in behind him. 'Spect they thought I was his son." It was apparent that he had summed me up on sight. I suppose he must have worked the same ruse elsewhere. This toy fair was far too big for the Corn Exchange, and the rest of it, the major portion of it actually, was housed in various hotels along the sea front. (It was a great pity really that it could not all be under one roof, for it would then have been still more impressive.) I got into each of these hotels without a question being asked simply by walking in, holding my catalogue conspicuously. In each of them I met the boy and we went round together.

There has been a very considerable change in toys since I was a boy. I had an army of tin soldiers. I remember many of them to this day with real affection. There were German Cuirassiers with white coats and eagles on their helmets: there were Uhlans: there were Turkish infantry with red fezzes, and the Russian Imperial Guard with green uniforms and white-plumed helmets, and Greek soldiers with sky-blue uniforms, and Zouaves with baggy red trousers and Spahis with wonderful cloaks—and British redcoats and especially a whole regiment of Guards with their bearskins and the Household Cavalry with shining breastplates. I had artillery, too, and some forts, and even little camp fires. And I would have great battles, mowing down whole regiments of brilliantly-dressed foreign troops with my artillery. Well, tin soldiers are not what they were. They are still made (and much better than mine were), but not in anything like the numbers. I feel sure that the drabness of the modern uniform is responsible for this: the glamour departed with the helmet. The tin soldier, it seems to me, has been displaced by the tank, the rocket, the aeroplane, model cars and tractors. These are beyond praise; exact to scale, beautifully made, convincing. The same is true of the model railways, which get better and more realistic year by year, and are, truly, toys which grow with you throughout life.

It was the workmanship which particularly impressed me at this fair. I remember especially some toy guns (pop-guns, I suppose you would call them) which were perfect models of lethal weapons. This particular lot (there were plenty of others) were made by a famous Midland engineering firm (Keith Lowe, of Dudley; not a name I had hitherto connected with the manufacture of toys) and they were precision jobs. The small boy, given a gun like this, would really feel that he had got something.

If that is a good thing or not is a matter of opinion. Many people are convinced that it is not, that the stress on guns and rockets, and so forth (and no one can deny the stress) is bad, that it conditions a thug mentality in the young. Personally, I do not believe a word of this. I used to indulge in wholesale massacre with my tin soldiers, mowing them down in hundreds, blowing up forts, even letting loose the full strength of my army against a model farm belonging to a sister, slaughtering the cows and sheep and horses, and taking jolly good care to kill off the farmer and his wife and the dairy-maid. But my youthful mind was not conditioned to war by my playthings, nor did I ever wish to work in an abattoir. I refuse to believe that the modern child is as dim-witted as some parents (though I admit they should know their own offspring) seem to be convinced it is. The modern child, very properly, likes his toys to be twentieth century, to fit the world we adults have made for him: but he knows perfectly well that they are toys. I do not believe a word of this conditioning business. One might as well say that an addiction to detective fiction (a very widespread addiction, incidentally) conditions the reader to murder or to detection. In fact, we remain as law-abiding (and as unobservant) as ever.

No, I think that the British toy industry has done a wonderful job. The facts speak for themselves. Before the war—and this was even more true of the First World War—the vast majority of the toys sold in this country were foreign-made, and most of them, I think, German. Certainly almost all the good dolls were German. Before the war, the production value of British toys in a good year was a little less than £4,000,000, and the export trade was negligible. Now, 90 per cent. of the toys sold annually in Britain are British made and the production value is £38,000,000, and rising. Now we have a toy export trade, the growth of which can only be described as phenomenal. How many people know it? The British Toy Industry, it seems to me, deserves rather better publicity in Britain than it gets.

As I was getting into my car outside the last hotel, the small boy appeared, his pockets bulging with leaflets and catalogues. He proceeded to sort them out on the bonnet. It occurred to me that his parents were in for a rather thin time. "What on earth are you going to do with that lot?" I asked him. "Study them," he said, "I'm going to make toys when I grow up." Well, he had been conditioned anyhow.

THE MAKING OF HURDLES

A Rural Craft in a Hampshire Wood

In this age of urban life and the machine there are comparatively few rural craftsmen left; among these are the hurdle-makers. Few people like to do an insecure free-lance job such as this, and yet there are at least a dozen hurdle-makers dotted around the south of England; most of them have the name of Lane, and their forefathers have been hurdle-makers for at least 300 years. They buy from a farmer or landowner the right to cut branches for hurdles from a particular wood, and when they have used all the suitable branches there they move on somewhere else. The branches usually have to be cut in the winter, when there is no sap in the wood, and this makes it a tough life; the hurdle-makers often do harvest and other work for the farmers in the summer months.

Two hurdle-makers, Mr. A. T. and Mr. A. J. Lane, father and son, are now at work in a wood near Winchester, and they expect to be there for the next two years. It usually takes two or three years to cover a wood. The Lanes both started the craft at an early age. Mr. A. J. Lane tried iron foundry work but returned to the open-air life.

The method used in making hurdles —*i.e.*, wattle work—has been in existence for many thousands of years; in very early times huts were built of interlaced branches daubed with clay.

THE HURDLE-MAKERS' CAMP : In a wood near Winchester, Mr. A. T. Lane and his son, Mr. A. J. Lane, have put up a shelter to protect them when working in bad weather. A fire provides additional warmth. Branches for hurdle-making are stacked at the sides of the shelter, and in the centre one of the Lanes starts work on a hurdle.

BRANCHES FOR HURDLES : Mr. Lane hoists onto his shoulder some branches which he has cut. He has lit a fire (in the background) to destroy surplus twigs.

STACKING THE BRANCHES : The branches are split and placed on a rack for convenience until sufficient of them have been prepared for making hurdles.

A VETERAN HURDLE-MAKER : Mr. A. T. Lane lifts up a hurdle which he has just made. Mr. Lane is fifty-five and he has made hurdles for thirty-five years.

MAKING A HURDLE : A large piece of timber is used to keep the upright rods temporarily in position. The split branches are interwoven and the ends twisted round the rod. *On right*—The hurdle is nearly finished.

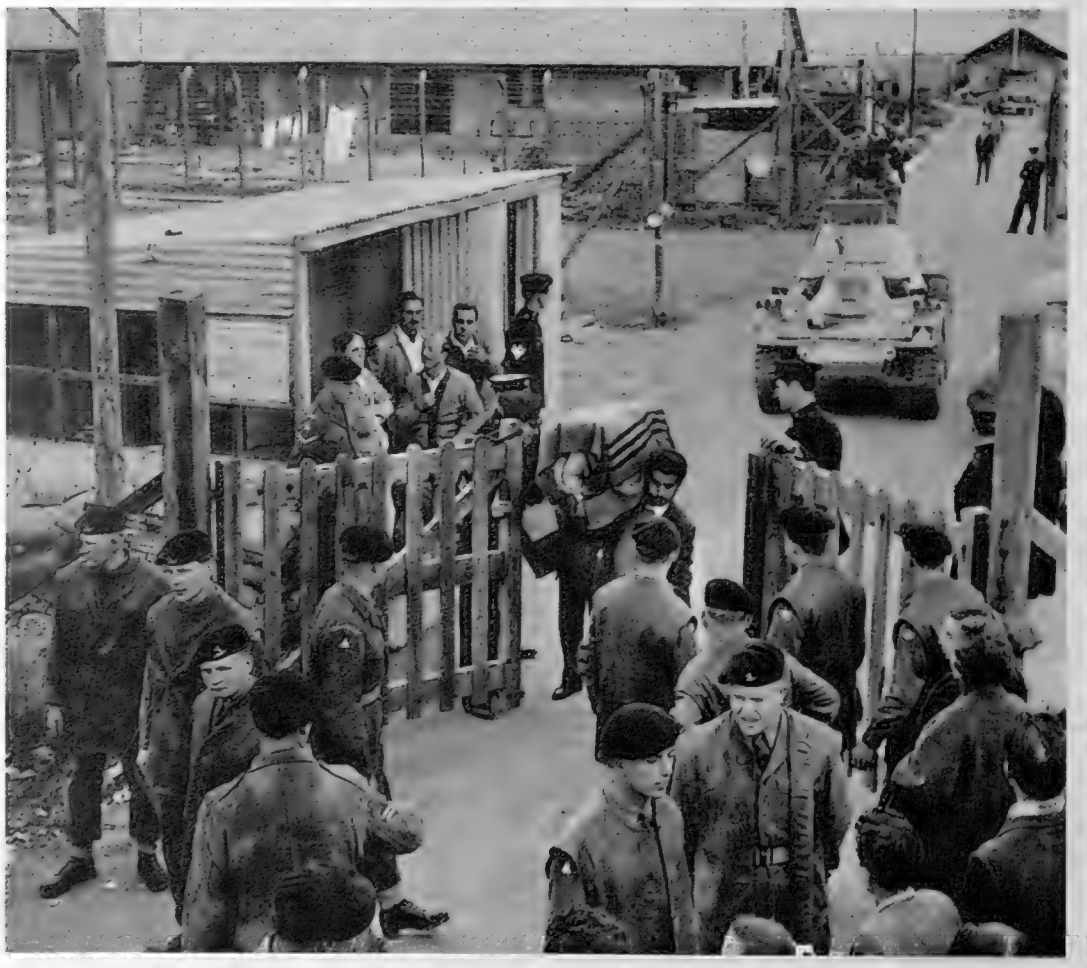
A JOB COMPLETED : Yet another is carried to the pile of completed hurdles. It takes about half an hour to make a small hurdle, which is sold for 12s. 6d.

JUBILATION IN CYPRUS

Greek and Turk Communities Celebrate in the Aftermath of the London Conference

The people of Cyprus were slow to react to the news of the settlement made at the London conference. This was probably due to an understandable inability on the part of many of them to grasp the fact that peace should at last return to their island. Also there were misgivings in some quarters about how quickly the agreement was to be implemented. However, Sir Hugh Foot soon left them in no doubt that from the British side the bargain was to be honoured in full and as quickly as possible. Jubilation began when the Governor announced the freeing of the political detainees and the closing of the detention camps. Church bells rang and the released men were fêted as they returned home. Greeks had further reason for joyful demonstrations when it was learnt that the deportation order against Archbishop Makarios had been formally rescinded and that he would soon be among them again. The Turkish Cypriots made the arrival back from London of Dr. Kutchuk and Mr. Denktash the occasion for a particularly enthusiastic welcome. In an interview Dr. Kutchuk strongly favoured the island remaining within the British Commonwealth. Sir Hugh Foot, at a Press conference, went even further and gave it as his personal opinion that it would be " disastrous " if the new Cyprus did not join the Commonwealth.

HAILING THE NEWS OF THE RETURN OF MAKARIOS : Greek Cypriot young men, waving and wearing Greek flags, crowd on a vehicle in Nicosia. The news had just been announced that the Governor had revoked the order for the deportation of the Archbishop. The way was thus formally opened for his return to Cyprus.



THE RELEASE OF POLITICAL DETAINEES : Two of them pass out of the gate of the camp where they had been held. British soldiers look on and in the background is an armoured car. Sir Hugh Foot's action in freeing 1,000 detainees impressed upon the Cypriots the Governor's determination to end the emergency.

REJOICING AND DANCING : Turkish Cypriots dressed in their national costume perform in Ataturk Square, in their quarter of the capital of Cyprus, to welcome their leaders' return from London.

FREED FROM CAPTIVITY : The roof of a bus which is making its way ages. As the detention camps were emptied, bells pealed from at the Phaneromeni Church in their quarter in Nicosia. Addresse

TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS FOR THE TURKISH LEADER : Dr. Kutchuk is carried shoulder-high by his supporters through Nicosia. Both he and Mr. Denktash, the other Turkish Cypriot delegate to the London conference, were given a tremendous welcome on their arrival home. Speaking to the Press, Dr. Kutchuk said that his community hoped that Cyprus under its new constitution would remain in the British Commonwealth. He also declared that his people would have no objection to Colonel Grivas being granted an amnesty.

through Nicosia is crowded with released detainees of various churches and Greek Cypriots gathered for a thanksgiving service were given to the congregation by some of the freed men.

CHEERING AND WAVING : Another bus carrying happy released men drives through Nicosia. Another important item of news about Cyprus last week was that the British garrison there is to be reduced from 25,000 to a permanent force of 5,000 or 6,000. Mr. Sandys gave this information to Parliament in the Defence debate.

THE RHEINHAUSEN STEEL WORKS : Ore and coal to feed the furnaces at the Krupp works on the Rhine are brought by water. The works are part of the assets which Herr Krupp should have sold by January 31 under Allied legislation. He has not done this and has asked for a year's extension to seek a "reasonable offer."

THE TALL CHIMNEYS OF HEAVY INDUSTRY : From the top of the blast can be seen part of the vast combine. Herr Krupp was given munity to take up an option to buy a three-quarter interest in

USING THE STEEL : Employees at the Krupp Maschinenfrabriken works at Essen are engaged on the construction of electric locomotives. The complex of industries of the empire at Essen include, among others, shipping, aircraft, vehicles, civil and electrical engineering, and housing. In the city there are fourteen trading and twenty-seven manufacturing companies, in most of which Herr Alfried Krupp's share is 100 per cent. The Essen group's turnover for 1957-58 was £187,000,000.

THE RETURN OF THE KRUPP EMPIRE

The Total Turnover has Increased by Nearly Four Times Since 1951

At the end of January Herr Alfried Krupp von Bohlen-Halbach was due to have disposed of most of his steel and coal assets in accordance with Allied provisions made in 1950 and taken over by the West German Government in 1953. These were aimed at breaking up the huge German heavy industry trusts, which constituted "undue concentrations of economic power" and which had deliberately helped Hitler to power. Herr Krupp asked for an extension of one year in which to seek a "reasonable offer." This meant in turn that a committee, provision for which was made under the Bonn Convention, had to be set up to consider the request. The constitution of the committee is three nominees of the West German Government, one each nominated by the British, U.S. and French Governments, and one co-opted member.

Such a committee faces an almost impossible task. A spokesman of the West German Foreign Ministry said that the Western Allies had been asked to drop demands that Herr Krupp's steel and coal assets should be sold. Further, the European Coal and Steel Community, of which France is a member, recently gave him permission to take up an option to buy a 75 per cent. interest in Bochumer Verein, makers of special and high quality steel. Although Herr Krupp has sold or conceded £12,000,000 of assets, the new accretion to his empire overshadowed any talk of the break-up of the empire. Bochumer Verein had a turnover last year of £61,000,000. Its acquisition would give the Krupp group a total turnover of over £300,000,000 and a total steel capacity of

furnaces of the Krupp steelworks at Rheinhausen permission by the European Coal and Steel Community, Bochumer Verein, another large steel works.

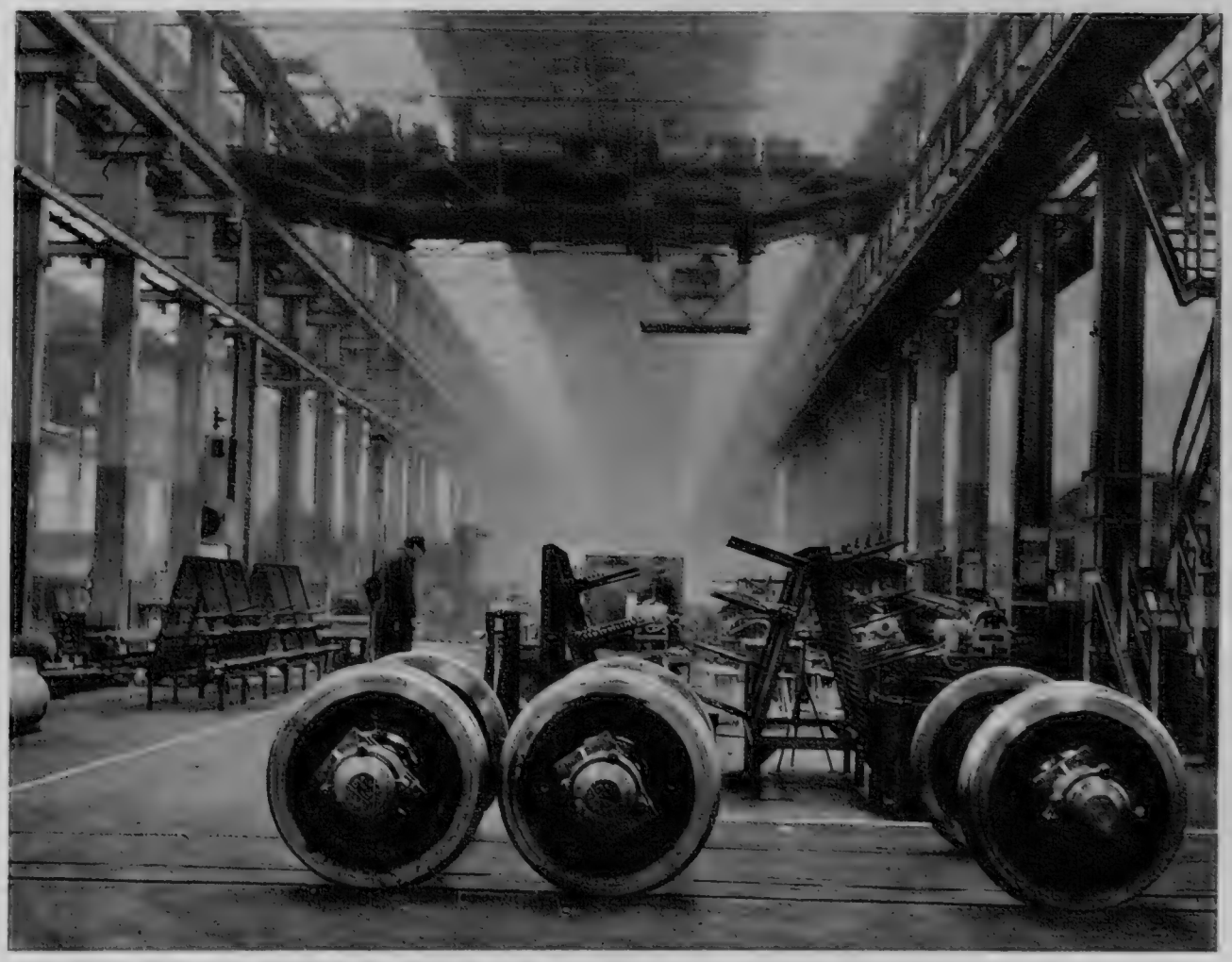
4,000,000 tons. This is 16 per cent. of West Germany's total steel capacity of 25,000,000 tons.

The likelihood of Herr Krupp selling steel assets—a task to which he is not inclined, appears to be remote. As part of the agreement he must receive a fair offer. No consortium of international industrialists has, publicly at least, expressed any wish to take over control. The alternative is that the assets could be placed in the trusteeship of the State. But the West German Government is not in favour of this and the Minister of State Property, Herr Lindrath, is suffering from an *embarras de richesse* as far as State-owned properties are concerned. It is a strong probability that the commission will recommend the abandonment of all plans to dispose of the steel and coal assets.

These consist of the steel works at Rheinhausen, which has a capacity of 2·4 million tons of crude steel a year, and the Hannibal coal mine in Lower Saxony. Together they have a total turnover of £105,000,000. The acquisition of the Bochumer Verein organisation includes the Constantin der Grosse coal mine. These two mines produce about 4 per cent of the German coal output. Other signs of Krupp's growth are the recent announcement of participation in the construction of a West German nuclear power reactor, and reports of discussions in Greece with Mr. Niarchos about the possible erection of a steel works in that country. It would not seem that Herr Krupp has had any thought of halting the ceaseless expansion of his empire.

Figures mentioned in newspaper surveys of the gigantic industrial complex show a possible employment of 100,000 people in the near future and a turnover which is likely to make Krupps the largest concentration of heavy industry in Europe at the end of this year. Herr Krupp did not rise to the position of being richest man in Europe from nothing. The family has been in heavy industry for 140 years. The son of the founder armed Bismarck's armies, and was gunmaker for Egypt, Belgium and Russia. During the first World War the works served as Germany's main armoury. The present sole owner of the empire served the same purpose for Hitler in the last war and was one of the Ruhr industrialists who backed the Nazi regime.

HEAVY INDUSTRY AT ESSEN: The vast floor of the electric locomotive assembly shop is covered with complicated machinery. Herr Krupp is supposed to dispose of his steel and coal assets in accordance with provisions made by the Allies in 1950. In the event of this happening he would still retain the complex of industries at Essen, more than half of his empire.



PRODUCTS OF THE KRUPP EMPIRE: At the Essen plant can be seen wheels destined for locomotives turned out by the company. Since Herr Krupp was released from prison in 1951, having served part of a sentence for complicity in Nazi war crimes, he has increased his turnover by nearly four times, and his exports by a greater amount. He is now the richest man in Europe.

IMPROVEMENTS ARE PLANNED FOR LONDON'S ROYAL OPERA ARCADE: It runs between Pall Mall and Charles II Street, and stands close to Her Majesty's Theatre. On one side it adjoins the site of the new New Zealand House, where building operations are scheduled to start in the middle of next month. Included in the plans are proposals for improvements in the Arcade. The architect, Professor Robert Matthew, has suggested additional shops, new pavement and better lighting. The Arcade was completed in 1817.

ROYAL OPERA ARCADE TO BE IMPROVED

A Plan for the Colonnade in London's West End

Royal Opera Arcade, with its bow-fronted shop windows along one side, is a survival of Regency London. It has been listed as a building of architectural and historical importance, and as such cannot be demolished or substantially altered without notice being given to the Ministry of Housing. On one side of the arcade, work is soon to start on the erection of the vast building which will be used by the New Zealand High Commissioner. The tallest part of the building will be 225 ft. high and the cost will be £2,000,000. It is scheduled for completion in the spring of 1961. In addition to the actual building, the architect, Professor Robert Matthew, has submitted plans for improving the arcade. He suggests that new shops be built in four of the arches adjacent to New Zealand House as well as an additional access from the new building. There are also proposals for the laying of a new pavement and the installation of a new lighting system.

The arcade dates from the late eighteenth century. After the original Royal Opera House (or King's Theatre) in the Haymarket had been destroyed by fire in 1789, Michael Novosielski, a Polish architect, who had already made alterations to the old theatre, designed a new building. This was the largest in London, its new horse-shoe type of plan becoming the basis of modern theatre design. Inside the building the style was ornate but the exterior was still unfinished some twenty-five years later. Novosielski also designed the Royal Opera Arcade but, like the exterior of the theatre, it was finished by Nash in 1817. At that time it formed part of a bigger colonnade which bounded the theatre on three sides. It survived another fire in 1864 and subsequent rebuilding of the theatre in the same century.

THE PRESENT LIGHTING SYSTEM: The old lantern is one of a series used in the Arcade. Under the improvement scheme new lights will be installed.

On right—

ONE OF THE TWO ENTRANCES: The design of the Arcade was inspired by the Piazza of Covent Garden, by Inigo Jones.

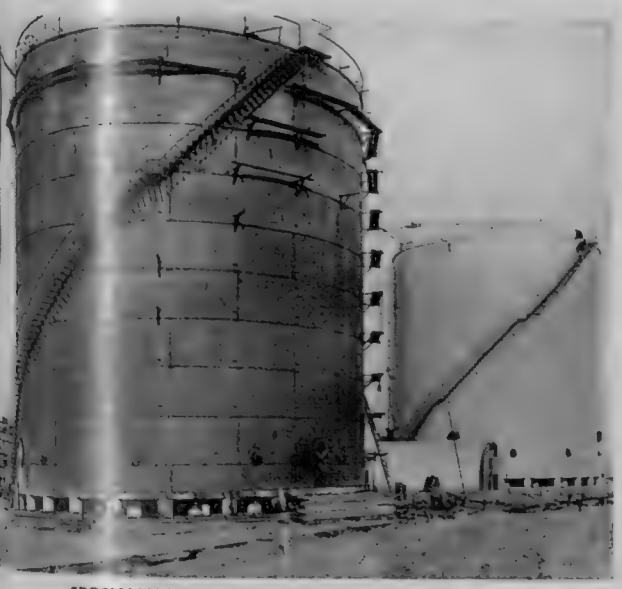
IMPORTING FROZEN GAS—A NEW CARGO FOR TANKERS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

NO industry in Britain is at present trying more wholeheartedly—one might almost say more desperately—to transform its entire technology than the nationalised gas industry. The Gas Council is spending heavily on research to develop new ways of making gas more cheaply out of coal; it is introducing new techniques of making gas out of oil, and perfecting others; it is buying the "tail gases" that oil refineries have to spare and re-forming them to put into its mains. But perhaps the most imaginative of its efforts to change is at present embodied in a small, most unusually equipped ocean tanker anchored in the Thames Estuary and in two equally unusual storage tanks nearby, close inside the sea wall that encloses Canvey Island. Two weeks ago the tanker arrived with, and unloaded into those tanks, a cargo that had never sailed the seas before—one upon which is focused the interest not only of gas industries throughout Europe, but of the international oil industry.

That cargo was natural gas from Texas—shipped not as a gas, but as a liquid. Liquefied, it occupies only one-six-hundredth of the space that it does as a gas, so that into five 30,000-cub.-ft. tanks built into the hull of this tanker, the *Methane Pioneer*, one can load the equivalent of 100,000,000 cub. ft. of natural gas. This gas is roughly twice as rich as the town gas supplied in Britain, so that the 2,000-odd tons of liquid in this 3,000-ton tanker supply about 200,000,000 cub. ft., or about a million therms, of gas for British ovens.

But this natural gas is very largely methane, the gas that occurs as firedamp in coal mines: and one has to reduce the temperature of methane down to minus 258 deg. Fah. before it liquefies. So the *Methane Pioneer* transported not only one of the newest cargoes ever yet carried across the oceans, but also perhaps the coldest. Liquefaction of the gas is not a particularly complex process, following standard procedure for turning other gases into liquid, though using more energy than most to reach the lower temperature. Storing it, and carrying it across the oceans, have required new methods and new materials.



SPECIALLY-INSULATED STORAGE TANKS: They have been built by the North Thames Gas Board to hold the liquefied gas before it is passed by pipeline to Romford.

One cannot make a tank to hold a liquid as cold as this out of ordinary steel plate: at temperatures below about minus 50 deg. steel and many other metals become much more brittle than usual. So the tank lining that is in contact with this intensely cold liquid has been made, in the case of the *Methane Pioneer* and the storage tanks at Canvey, out of a light aluminium alloy. Insulation, again, needs to be exceptional; and the American company mainly responsible for the design of the experimental tanker, the Constock International Methane Corporation, has used a 12-in. thickness of Ecuadorian balsa wood, the very light wood most familiar to ordinary people as a material used by schoolboys to make model aeroplanes. Outside this extremely effective insulation comes an outer casing of ordinary steel plate; the whole tank is supported inside the ship to give an air space between it and the hull.

This tanker, as specially fitted, cost about £1,500,000; half of its cost has been paid by Britain's Gas Council, while the North Thames Gas Board has been responsible for putting up the two liquid gas storage tanks at Canvey Island, which have been built by Whessoe Ltd., of Darlington, and the Aluminium Plant and Vessel Company, of Crawley. These, too, are heavily-insulated tanks, though details of their method of insulation have not been disclosed: the land-installation cost about £400,000. Even the pipes through which the tanker unloaded its frosty cargo had to be insulated with a 6-in.-thick covering.

These tanks, like those in the ship, are designed to allow for a small proportion of the methane to "boil off" as gas; the ship tanks let this escape into the atmosphere (in theory it might be used as a fuel to drive the vessel's engines), but at Canvey this excess gas is taken off into a small gasholder. These first experimental shipments of gas, again, are being converted from liquid to gaseous form by simple heat exchange with water or steam. For the present no use is being made of the large amount of cold embodied in the liquid gas; but it could be utilised, for example, in refrigeration, which was indeed among the main interests of the Chicago stockyard company which was one of the pioneers of the whole project. The rich gas is then piped along a high-pressure main leading into the pipeline that already connects the Shellhaven refinery with Romford Gasworks, where it will be re-formed by a catalytic process into town gas, as already is gas from the refinery.

South-East England is an expensive place to make gas by normal carbonisation of coal, because the gas coal has to be transported so far before it ever reaches the gasworks. So an alternative supply of gas does not need to be exceptionally cheap to offer a good commercial proposition to, say, the North Thames Gas Board or the South-Eastern Gas Board. It is early yet to guess how the price of importing natural gas will work out in practice; but theoretical studies suggest that by British standards this could turn out to be very cheap gas indeed. It may cost no more than 4½d. a therm to liquefy, store, move by tanker, unload, and re-form into gas suitable for British ovens; and the price at wellhead, in Texas, Venezuela, or the Middle East may not be more than 1½d. a therm. Compare this price of little more than 6d. a therm with the 11d.-1s. that gas to-day costs when it goes from the gasworks into the distribution mains, and you can understand the fascination of the whole project for gas engineers in Britain.

This is not the only method that the Gas Council hopes may supply it with gas at, say, 6d.-9d. a therm; some of the new coal gasification processes, which turn low-grade coals into gas without coke, might do the same. But these would need to be sited on the coalfields to minimise coal transport costs; moreover, at best they are several years off. Liquefied natural gas, supplied by a fleet of tankers large enough to be much more economic than the experimental *Methane Pioneer*, could be available more rapidly, to the very areas remote from the coalfields which will in future probably have to import their gas anyway, be it from the East Midlands or from the Persian Gulf. This gas, like that produced in the new coal processes, is, incidentally, re-formed at high pressure and is far less poisonous than town gas to-day; it would fit neatly into the system of high-pressure national transmission and distribution of cheap non-toxic gas that the industry now sees as its future ideal.

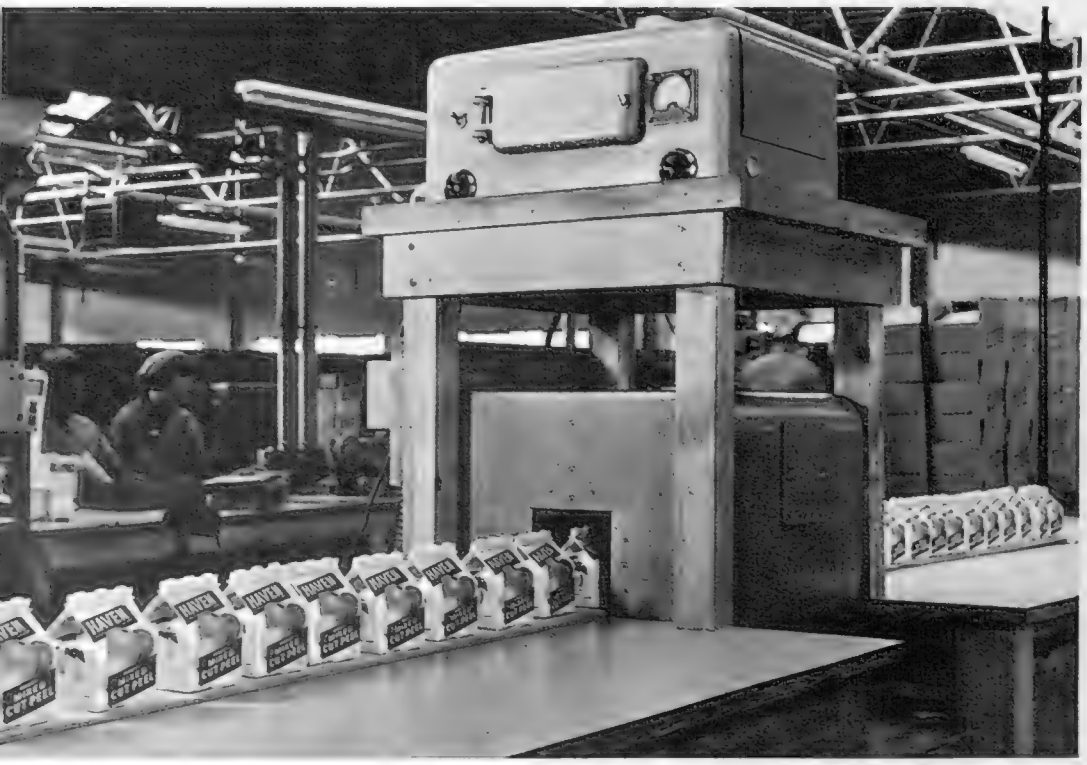
But the experiment with *Methane Pioneer* has implications that spread far beyond Britain. In recent years countries using gas have been divided sharply into those that have natural gas or can obtain it through overland pipelines and those that have not. In the United States, and in Italy, exploitation of large natural gas reserves has transformed the fuel picture of the nation; countries such as Germany, which has little natural gas, or Britain, which has none to speak of, have an entirely different pattern of consumption. At the same time petroleum-producing countries such as Venezuela and the Middle East countries produce, along with their oil, far greater quantities of natural gas than they can use, and vast amounts are "flared" or blown to waste. This is merely the gas that comes up the well with the crude oil; such countries have had no incentive to "prove" the large "gas fields" that they may also possess.

THE FIRST CARGO OF LIQUID NATURAL GAS ARRIVES IN BRITAIN: The 3,000-ton tanker *Methane Pioneer* is secured alongside the jetty at Canvey Island, in Essex, at the end of her journey from the United States. Her cargo of 2,000 tons of liquefied natural gas is being transferred to specially-built holder tanks on the island before being taken to Romford Gasworks where it will be re-formed by a catalytic process into town gas.

Economic ocean transport of natural gas would immediately unlock a new overseas market for this valuable but to-day wasted product of the oil industry. One can foresee, if this venture is successful, movement of natural gas from Venezuela to the United States, where gas reserves are not limitless; large-scale movement of natural gas from the Middle East to Western Europe; possibly, if French hopes are realised, shipment of Saharan gas from North Africa to Marseilles. Liquid gas tankers would probably be a much cheaper investment than the pipelines that have been suggested from time to time to move natural gas from Africa and the Near East to Europe; besides, they would be much more mobile investments, less liable to seizure by greedy sheikhs.

The Gas Council is not suggesting that liquefied natural gas could ever supply the whole of Britain's requirements of gas; but it is worth considering that London's present consumption might require no more than three 30,000-ton tankers operating continuously, supplying the equivalent of 6,000,000 tons of coal a year. Problems of storage against seasonal peaks in demand would arise; but there seems a very good chance that imported gas could make a powerful contribution to basic gas supplies in the South of England, at least.

True, this is a product of the oil industry, and in countries such as the United States it has been oil products which have suffered most from the competition of natural gas. But for the British gas industry, squeezed between the rising price of its present scarce gas coals and the bitter competition of electricity, fuel oil and paraffin, the chance of long-term contracts for cheap natural gas from overseas could mean an effective and rapidly available defence of its markets in the interim before its other ways of making cheap gas arrive to reinforce them.



PACKING FOOD IN A MODERN FACTORY: The cartons of dried fruit are passing under an electronic metal detector at the High Wycombe factory of Haven Foods Ltd. If metal is detected the conveyor-belt is stopped and the carton removed. The factory was built in 1956.

HYGIENIC FOOD PACKING

At the High Wycombe factory of Haven Foods Ltd., the packers handle thirty different items from twenty-two countries, and infinite precautions are taken before the goods are packed or canned. The pictures on this page show some of the goods passing through various stages before being sent to the despatch department. Cereals, which include rice, tapioca and lentils, pass through a number of processes. First, they are sieved and then cleaned by vacuum for the removal of all dust, sack fibres and stones. Dried fruit is washed and spin-dried in one of the most modern machines of its kind. Magnets also are used to extract any ferrous metals such as nails which may have fallen from the original packing-cases. Later, the cartons of dried fruit pass under an electronic metal detector (and this applies to all products at the factory) which locates non-ferrous metals. The machine is so sensitive that the smallest fragment is registered on the detector.

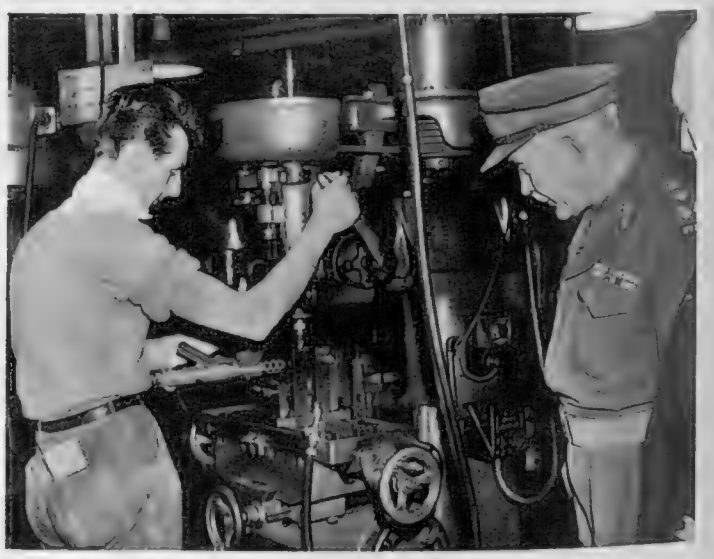
SACK FLUFF: It has been removed by vacuum from a 2-cwt. sack of rice. Various cereals from Singapore, Siam, the Lebanon and Madagascar pass through a number of cleaning stages at the High Wycombe factory.

PACKING PEPPER: It is poured into tins from the funnel-like machine which is fed by a volumetric filler leading from the bulk supply. Haven Foods Ltd. have recently introduced a new type of 2-oz. tin which is suitable for dispensing pepper direct into a caster and as a sprinkler for kitchen use. When the plastic seal at the top is removed and reversed, it can slide either way for easy sprinkling or pouring.

On left—
ALMOND INSPECTION: From the conveyor-belt the almonds are passed by the spiral vibratory elevator to the automatic weigher. This ensures an even flow for packing.

A NEW RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT FOR NUCLEAR POWER

At Winfrith Heath, in Dorset, work is in progress on a new research establishment for the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority. Construction started on the site last year. Steel-framed buildings were chosen and Robert Walton and Co., of Bolton, were given a contract for 2,000 tons for the first stage. This part of the project was recently completed and the Zero Energy Reactor Hall, General Services Building, Administrative Block, and ancillary buildings, are due to house research technicians shortly. Robert Walton and Co. fabricated over 3,000 tons of constructional steelwork for the "Second Uranium Plant" of the A.E.A., when the original factory at Springfields, near Preston, was no longer adequate. The rapid development of nuclear power led to this second factory and the new Research Establishment.



BRITISH MACHINE-GUNS FOR NEW ZEALAND

The New Zealand Government has placed an initial order for 2,000 British Sterling 9-mm. sub-machine-guns from the Sterling Engineering Co., of Dagenham, Essex. In this picture, Brigadier Alan Andrews, the New Zealand Army liaison officer at N.Z. House, in London, is watching the jig drilling of a barrel casing at the Dagenham factory. On the extreme right is Mr. K. Redgrave, the managing director of the company. The manufacture of the Sterling sub-machine-gun forms a large part of the firm's activities. First produced five years ago, it is now exported to more than forty countries. It weighs 6 lb. (without the magazine). The Sterling group of companies also manufacture diesel engines, oil heaters, and a wide range of domestic electrical appliances.

On left—

ON THE WAY TO HINCKLEY POINT

In the little village of Combwich, seven miles downstream from Bridgwater, on the River Parret, a prefabricated section is unloaded from the M.V. *Holdernith*. It was the first of 120 such sections, each of which is 23 ft. in diameter and weighs over 40 tons, destined for erection on the nuclear power station at Hinckley Point as part of a steam-raising unit. There will be twelve of these units, each 90 ft. high. The sections are made at the Dalmuir works of Babcock and Wilcox Ltd., in Scotland. In order to accommodate this increased traffic, the port at Combwich, which has been derelict for some years, has been rebuilt to handle huge items of the atomic power plant, which are coming by sea from the northern and Scottish ports. Hinckley Point is some four miles away and construction is being undertaken by the English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, Taylor Woodrow Atomic Power Group for the Central Electricity Generating Board. The rebuilding at Combwich cost over £250,000. It will relieve congestion on the trunk roads from the north which otherwise would have had to handle during the next three years over 30,000 tons of equipment and supplies for Hinckley Point.

PIPELINES FOR OIL: A part of a pipeline, 150 miles long, is laid across the Gulf of Coro, in Venezuela, to link the oilfields at Lake Maracaibo to a refinery at Cardon, on the Paraguana Peninsula. *Left*—A portion of pipeline hangs precariously over a washed-out chasm after torrential flooding in the Tarakan region of Borneo. There are over 300,000 miles of pipeline in the world which carry the crude oil from the well to the refinery or coastal terminal, and from the refinery to industry.

IN HOLLAND: A prefabricated "nest" of pipelines is lowered into the harbour at Pernis, near Rotterdam, destined to link a new tank farm with a Royal Dutch/Shell Group refinery.

OIL PIPELINES ALL OVER THE WORLD

More than 300,000 miles of oil pipeline covers the world in a network linking the wells, often sunk in remote districts, to the coast or to refineries. In carrying the oil by pipeline, a substantial short cut can often be effected. The 1,068 miles of 30/31-in. "Tapline" (Trans-Arabian Pipeline) from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean cuts 3,000 miles off the tanker route. A variety of petroleum products can to-day be delivered at high pressure to different terminals in a continuous flow, separated from each other by very small quantities of overlapping products known as "contamination plugs." The remote control of pipeline operations is becoming more important; perhaps the most advanced example of this is the Ozark Pipeline System in the U.S.A., where all operations are handled from a central control station. The cost of laying the lines is high—in the region of £75,000 a mile. A projected 160-mile line in Indonesia is to be built by Shell from Tangjung to Balikpapan at the cost of £18,000,000. Steel pipe is laid in sections of 30 to 40 ft., "strung" out along the route and then welded together. A certain amount of slack is left. The normal life is about twenty-five years. Various protective materials are used to guard against erosion and rust. If the pipeline goes below ground or under the sea, moisture-proof material is used, such as bitumen and wrappings of fibre glass or bitumenised felt. In the oilfields the inside of a pipe is often cleaned by a scraper, known as a "go-devil." This is carried along by the oil flow and whirls its arms to remove deposits from the sides of the pipe. Rust is cleared by the introduction daily of small quantities of a solution which also acts as a preventive by coating the inside with a molecular skin.

THE BRANDON ESTATE : On the London County Council's housing scheme in Kennington Park, an eighteen-storey block of flats dominates the scene. A "topping-out" ceremony last week marked the completion of the framework of the first of six tall blocks of flats on the estate. The scheme covers about 36 acres in Southwark. Nearly 26 acres are being redeveloped and the remainder rehabilitated.

A REHOUSING SCHEME FOR SOUTH LONDON

Work on the Brandon Estate in Kennington Park

As major cities grow in size under the influence of suburban development, so the inner concentric rings of houses surrounding the centre tend to decay and to become depressed areas. Large areas of inner London come into this category. It has been demonstrated that areas developed before 1870 contain a formidable amount of old buildings, many of which will pose the problems of slum clearance unless decay is arrested. There are streets of structurally sound houses which lack amenities and so lack tenants.

The first large scheme of rehabilitation and redevelopment to be approved by the L.C.C. is on the Brandon Estate, in Southwark. Covering some 36 acres, the area has been owned by the Council since 1952. It lies within a wide residential area, much of which is likely to be redeveloped within the next ten years and in which it is hoped that neighbourhood feeling could be stimulated by focusing attention on a new shopping centre.

Six eighteen-storey flats have been designed for the extension of Kennington Park, thus providing the open spaces which the area has lacked. The contractors are Wates Ltd., of London. Many houses are being converted into modernised dwellings. At one end of a new square, a ten-storey tower block will mark the entry to the pedestrian shopping centre. The total population being housed in the area will be 4,952 and the estimated total cost amounts to over £3,500,000. About three-quarters of the new building is now under construction and 676 dwellings are to be completed by August, 1960. In all, 1,059 new buildings are to be provided and also 328 rehabilitated dwellings.

On left—

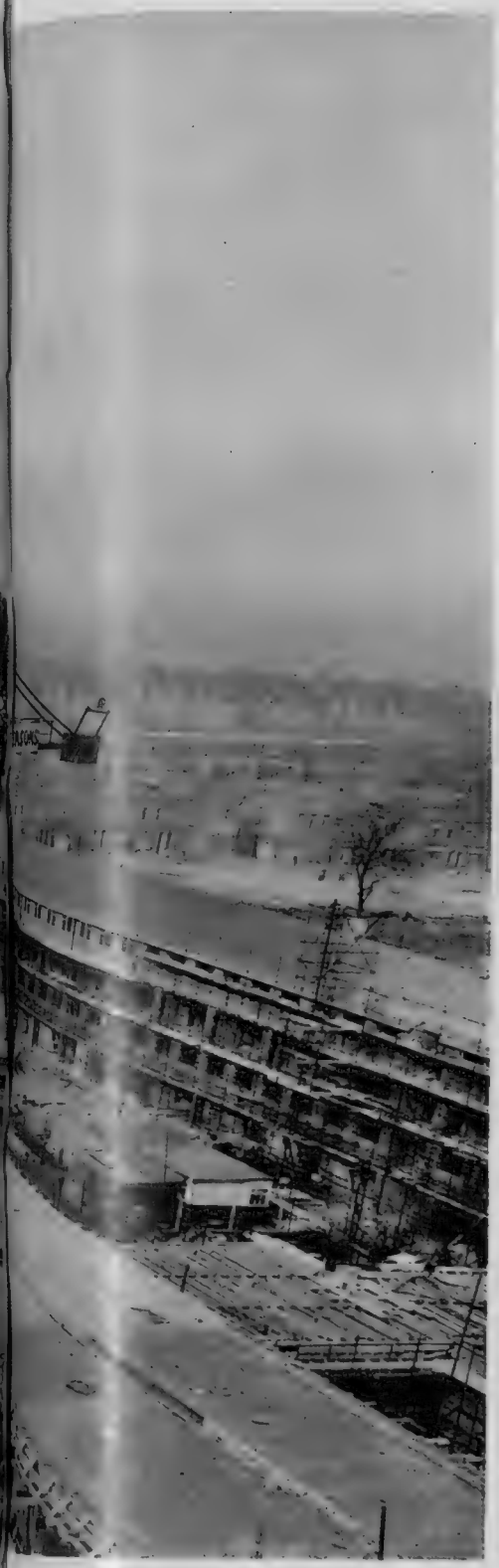
THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON : A gigantic crane towers over one of the six eighteen-storey flats being built on the Brandon Estate in South London.

On right—

THE OLD AND THE NEW : One of the old houses in the area stands derelict waiting for demolition. Behind it rises one of the new blocks of flats. On each floor of the block are to be four flats. There will be high-speed lifts and central heating. The exterior is coated with a special finish to ensure a white appearance for an indefinite period.

Below—

REDEVELOPMENT : From the top of the almost completed block can be seen the work under way on the estate. Besides the six tall blocks, there will be other smaller blocks of flats and maisonettes—a total of 1,059 dwellings.



HOMES : The view shows the eighteen-storey block, due to be ready for occupation this June. Five other similar buildings are to be completed by 1960.

The World of Books

TWO ASPECTS OF RUSSIA

Czar Paul I and The Soviet State of Stalin and Khrushchev; Religious Intolerance; Smuggling as a Business; Joyce Cary's Last Novel and Other New Fiction

THE dissolute court of Catherine the Great was a bad home for a boy; in fact Paul I, Emperor of Russia, would have been, had he lived in modern times, a candidate for the attentions of a children's committee, and, at some time or another, in an approved school or elsewhere, he would probably have found himself in care of the local authority. Paul grew up embittered and ill adjusted, and for reasons we can readily understand. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1754. His mother had been summoned from a small German Principality as a girl of fifteen to marry a duke she had never seen. When Paul was born Catherine was allowed to see him only once a month, and then with courtiers present. When Catherine died in 1796, and Paul ascended the throne, he was forty-two, and already the shadows were beginning to throng round his unbalanced mind. When he held supreme power, he turned Russia, and particularly the capital, into a vast concentration camp under him, subject to no other control than the wild pendulum swing of his own passions.

Miss E. M. Almedingen, who as far back as 1922 was made a member of the Faculty of Petrograd University, and who escaped from Russia in the same year, has produced a brilliantly balanced summing-up of this unbalanced ruler. She calls her biography SO DARK A STREAM (Hutchinson. 21s.), and it is a fitting title for so sombre a dynastic theme. That dichotomy, which was to prove fatal to Paul at the last, emerges on almost every page.

The author really writes with marvellous understanding of the Russian scene; making every sentence tell. She asks us to believe that some softening light did shine across this tale, that there must have been some virtue in a man whom two good women loved so wholly and devotedly.

From the darkest Russia of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries let us take a glance at the swiftly-changing land under Mr. S. and Mr. K.; and the changes have been remarkably swift. Some of the things that Desmond Donnelly wrote only a year or two ago when travelling behind the Iron Curtain one would venture to say are not wholly true to-day. Time has marched on, and Mr. Donnelly's impressions of Moscow have quite a hoary look about them in the light of recent reporting. THE MARCH WIND (Collins. 18s.), therefore, tends to fall between two stools. It neither has the virtue of current commentary, nor that of modern historical appraisal. It deals with moments in the life of post-war Russia, China and other Communist lands, but not necessarily significant moments beyond the fact that they coincided with Mr. Donnelly's visits. Perhaps the reward that is to be found in this book lies in the number of remote places the author has visited well off the beaten Intourist track, and therefore full of fascination, such as the great industrial cities that thrive beyond the Urals, places like Omsk and Novasibirsk, and cities farther east.

The detection and punishment of heretics, the idea of the Inquisition, was no sudden evil manifestation of medieval times complete in all its principles and organs. Admittedly, during the first three centuries of the Church there was little trace of any official persecution, and indeed the Fourth-Century Edict of Milan inaugurated an era of official tolerance; but steadily repression grew, most gradually, perhaps, in Spain where it was eventually to manifest itself in so marked a degree. In THE RISE OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION (Robert Hale. 16s.) Jean Plaidy shows the nature of this growth upon the body of the Church in the Peninsula. During the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries measures against the Jews and the Mohammedans in Spain increased; there were massacres and forced baptisms; the *auto da fé* became a regular feature of urban life; an essentially national inquisition came into being directed against rich and powerful local heretics, and with little help from the Papacy. This Inquisition was supported by Ferdinand and Isabella, more the former than the latter, and was dominated by the policies of Torquemada. Jean Plaidy shows what a sorrowful, vicious cruel business it all was. Her book covers the known facts very well, but it does seem a little surprising that this is billed as the first of three volumes on the subject, and one imagines that in those to come the author will survey the wider field when terror spread to the new Spain beyond the seas, where men and women would, too, wait for the knock on the door in the night that for them would spell torture and doom.

Now from heresy to licence. Neville Williams' CONTRABAND CARGOES (Longmans. 25s.) is a survey of seven centuries of smuggling, the theme being confined to the shores of Britain where the business was rife from medieval days, with all the nefarious dealings in wool, through the cloth frauds of Tudor times and the wholesale running of tea and spirits in the eighteenth century, to the tobacco smuggling in the nineteenth, not to mention the dope and diamond peddling of to-day. Mr. Williams has derived all his considerable information from studies made in the development of English trade. He can be very informative and most entertaining.

André Davy has a briskly witty pen, and he has brought it to bear with telling force in describing the occasionally dramatic, often comic, sometimes dangerous, and always engrossing adventures of three men in a boat (or rather three men in three kayaks) who voyaged and trekked from the source of the Nile at Kasumo, in Tanganyika, to its mouth at Rosetta, on the Mediterranean. Jean Laporte was the leader of the expedition, and his intention was not only to make the first ever voyage from source to mouth but to bring back a close study of the life of the great river which "would serve as an inspiration to our civilisation." André Davy's interest in the expedition was clearly bound up with a general enthusiasm for the African scene (the remoter the better), while English-speaking John Goddard, from Los Angeles, was clearly cast in the same mould. In all it took nine months of voyaging to negotiate over 4,000 miles of river. 4,000 MILES OF ADVENTURE (Robert Hale. 21s.) is a first-rate tale told with modesty but reflecting much courage and endurance.

£15,200 FOR A CHAUCER CODEX: A fifteenth-century manuscript of *The Canterbury Tales* is held up during its sale at Sotheby's, in London. After keen bidding it was sold to the New York dealer, H. P. Kraus, for £15,200. The manuscript, which is incomplete, dates from about 1450, half a century after the death of Chaucer. Sent for sale by its owner, Mr. George Brudenell, it is known as the Brudenell Codex, having been in the possession of that family since at least the late sixteenth century and possibly much earlier.

One of the men who really first led the field in this modern passion for adventuring was that mysterious and enigmatic seafaring character Captain Joshua Slocum. He never had much to say for himself, least of all when he set out on his last voyage in his beloved *Spray*. Someone then asked him where he was bound. "To some far away places," the captain replied, and on that voyage he vanished for good. Walter Magnes Teller has attempted to piece together the life-story of this great mariner. THE SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN SLOCUM (André Deutsch. 21s.) is based on newspaper files, some unpublished letters and conversations with people who remember Slocum. Its vitality springs from its innate sympathy with the subject.

Joyce Cary's last novel THE CAPTIVE AND THE FREE (Michael Joseph. 18s.) bears the stamp of incompleteness by this novelist's high standards. He wrote the novel during the last three years of his life; it was a race against time "When every moment of existence was precious for achievement." How well he succeeded will be readily appreciated by the reader; only here and there are loose ends apparent, and the necessity for that final polishing process at which this author was so assiduous. *The Captive and the Free* has as its central figure, Preedy, the evangelist faith healer, "The religious man who has sinned his way to God." Set against him is the figure of the curate, Mr. Syson, who believes that Preedy is essentially evil, in the end resigning his curacy and leaving the church because Preedy has revealed it as an institution dedicated to expediency. In some ways it is fitting that this should be a last novel, concerned as it is with last things, with illness and death and the courage that these things may call forth, and did indeed do so in the life of Joyce Cary himself.

Perry Madoc may be a fundamentally serious novelist, but his DAYS AND MOMENTS QUICKLY FLYING (Collins. 13s. 6d.) has an overlying gaiety and fun with a central character, Oliver, who is a sheer delight, possessing much in common with Evelyn Waugh's Basil Seal. The difference is that Oliver moves in a seedier society than Basil, hence his experiences as a teacher in a school for the delinquent sons of despairing parents run on lines of least resistance. This is a Book Society Choice and (with respect) a very sensible one.

It has been said that one tends to read Ernest K. Gann's novels with one's mouth open gasping for air. Whatever Gann writes always has action and excitement, and this is particularly true of his latest effort THE TROUBLE WITH LAZY ETHEL (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.). Lazy Ethel was a hurricane named by the waggish "met" men of the Pacific Atoll she eventually ravished, and her impact on the place provides this racy writer with one of his best themes.

THE DAY IT RAINED FOREVER (Hart-Davis. 16s.) is the title story in the latest series of short stories by Ray Bradbury. This time Mr. Bradbury is specially occupied with outer space, but his fare is varied, as always, and richer in contrasts than usual. Many will enjoy the adventure that befell the man who got off the train at a lonely station, his simple motive being that no one ever seemed to alight there.

Richard Edmonds

MUD AND MASSACRE

The Ghastly Story of Passchendaele

The campaign on the Western Front in 1917 which culminated in the autumn massacre in the mud at Passchendaele was one of the most senseless ever fought. At the end of it all British casualties numbered about half a million (150,000 of them being killed) and the net gain was a few hundred yards which the Germans could recapture any time they wished, as they showed in the spring of the following year. Two men must bear the responsibility for the carnage, Haig and Lloyd George. The Commander-in-Chief still thought in terms of cavalry tactics, astonishing though it may seem. The infantry must be kept attacking and attacking, and when they had broken through the *coup de grâce* was to be delivered by a mass cavalry charge. Haig even had cavalry waiting behind the lines. The Prime Minister should have stopped the operation when it became clear it was going to end in disaster. Instead he acted with a mixture of irresponsibility and irresolution, and allowed the slaughter to continue. IN FLANDERS FIELDS (Longmans. 25s.), by Leon Wolff, relates in detail the events of those ghastly months. Starting from the victory of the "Westerners" over the "Easterners" in strategic planning, the story is told of the Nivelle Affair and the ensuing mutiny in the French Army, the British preparations for attack, the single, very limited victory at Messines, the muddle and intrigue at headquarters and the epic heroism of the lower ranks who carried out almost impossible orders and were killed or drowned in the ever-deepening mud in their thousands. Mr. Wolff, who is an American, has contrived a most compelling narrative by his brilliant selection of facts from the many relevant documents and given us a chapter of history which though ghastly should never be forgotten.

The phœnix was a legendary bird which the ancients believed was burnt and rose again from its own ashes. How did the myth originate? Dr. Maurice Burton, formerly Deputy Keeper of Zoology at the British Museum, suggests an answer in PHŒNIX RE-BORN (Hutchinson. 25s.) and his ideas are extremely fascinating. Much of his speculation turns on the habit of some birds which is known as "anting." This is the remarkable posture of wings and body due, it is generally thought, to the bird holding an ant in its beak. It is in a sense a sort of ecstasy and, says Dr. Burton, it can be brought about by factors other than ants. Fire is one of them. Cigarette-ends, for instance, have an attraction for certain birds and cause them to ant. The author's tame crow Niger anted on burning straw. His own observations and information from others have led Dr. Burton to build up a theory that the original phœnix may have been a bird which anted because of fire. Primitive imagination seeing this happen thousands of years ago thus created the legend. As he says, he is only concerned with strictly ornithological speculation. The phœnix myth may easily have a psychological or religious explanation. Whether one agrees or not, the book is extremely readable and informative about the little-known habits of birds we see every day.

Lasker, perhaps the greatest of all international chess champions, hated the game. Born in humble circumstances and struggling against great odds, he became the outstanding master of the chessboard. Yet he loathed to be restricted to thinking in terms of thirty-two wooden symbols. EMANUEL LASKER—*The Life of a Chess Master* (Deutsch. 25s.) is a biography by Dr. J. Hannak.

JUAN IN ITALY

If you want a recipe for "that popular mystery"—a d'Annunzio—take all the notorious persons in history nd rattle them off to *Italia o la morte*. Cyrano, Cellini, de ougemont, Byron, Don Juan, a modern Latin dictator or o, Brummell, Bottomley, Harris—d'Annunzio had ele- nts of all these and characteristics all his own which ke him a curiosity of history. THE POET AS SUPER- AN, Anthony Rhodes (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.), eals this extraordinary charlatan in lurid light. Born at scara in 1863, his father was an unsuccessful merchant in small way. At sixteen, the boy had published a volume of rotic poetry and, abandoning his family, made his way Rome. He became a social columnist, bluffed his way to the "Black" aristocracy, married the daughter of the Duke of Gallese (who was a French non-commissioned ficer inheriting a title through his wife), and turned out number of novels of violence and sex which caught he fancy of resurgent Rome. He embraced every alian movement for resurgence and every woman who ook his fancy, and seems to have enjoyed a magnetic ower over women. His most celebrated *affaire* was with leanora Duse, but the number of his conquests was legion. the role of patriot, he took a lead in the Adriatic ims, the North African adventures and his march and occupation of Fiume in 1919 was the climax of his mpestuous career. In retrospect (as with the Duce), the in was always nearer the ridiculous than the sublime. he book is well-informed and sheds a colourful light on extraordinary half-century in Italian history. To-day ne man remains more interesting than his literary output.

A STUDY IN INTEGRITY

Nature no doubt can turn out anything in human form from a Niagara to a dripping tap. But agaras are rare, and it was odd to receive d'Annunzio d Ethel Smyth in one parcel. What force, what rage, what zest for life and love, what versatility, ove all, what integrity the woman had! It is well ought out in ETHEL SMYTH, by Christopher St. in (Longmans. 30s.). There was no easy road for r. She had to fight for training, and to struggle for cognition long after the masters accepted her genius. lways she gave more than she got, and it was perhaps er versatility and generosity that left her greater than er work, musical and literary. Only in the *Wreckers* nd the Mass does the work come up to the stature of he woman. She wrote too many books because they ere, for all their brilliant portraits, autobiographical; nd her friends learned more of her *viva voce* than from rint. She was a passionate lover, a good hater, but ways generous. Her friendships were varied and assionate, too. Among women, the Empress Eugénie, ady Ponsonby, Virginia Woolf, and E. Œ. Somerville. It the last I should have most liked to see in action; both ese great women revealed themselves in letters. I have core from Dr. Somerville. The letters *to* Ethel Smyth ected are all good and tantalise with their fewness. eny are wartime and, over-all, the impression is not of appy circle. She lived before her time. A *woman* mposer, an eccentric, frank to rudeness, she was ndicapped in the cosy, conventional era of her struggles. nly a few appreciated "Edith Staines" when "Dodo" was introducing a new model for women. Her supercharged engine never burned out. She lived into her middle eighties, nd died fighting. Perhaps boredom and vacancy kill quicker than overwork and over-thinking. An exciting, timulating and very live biography. **John Gore**

he non-chess-playing reader should not be put off by the act that the "illustrations" are all games of chess. or this is the life story, which should have a very wide appeal, of a very strange genius. A kindly foreword by he great Einstein (written in 1952) reveals the tragedy of Tesla's aspirations in physics and metaphysics.

For those interested in tiger-hunting Colonel Kesri Singh's THE TIGER OF RAJASTHAN (Hale. 18s.) is to be commended. The author joined the Game Depart- ment of Gwalior in 1920 and organised shoots for many of the Maharaja's famous guests. From his vast ex- perience he has many stories to tell of many different kinds of tigers—bold, careless, timid and man-eating.

Another book with an interest limited to specialists is THE THEATRE OF BERTOLT BRECHT, by John Willett (Methuen. 36s.). The dramatist, who is probably best known in Britain for his *Threepenny Opera*, was a very significant figure in the German theatre until his death three years ago. Mr. Willett has collected an enormous corpus of material, and pictures, which will be of great value to the student. But it is probably rather too heavy going for the ordinary reader.

Denis Diderot has a secure place in history as one of the two editors of the famous *Encyclopédie*, to which Voltaire and Rousseau contributed and which is generally regarded as having created the intellectual atmosphere for the gestation of the French Revolution. Diderot was also a novelist of wide repute. His MEMOIRS OF A NUN (Elek. 16s.) now appears in an excellent new translation by Francis Birrell, who in his introduction reminds us that *La Religieuse* is in great part a practical joke. The rabid anti-clericalism must be kept in perspec- tive for the enjoyment of this novel, which is very much a period piece. **C. D.**

DELIGHT AND TENSION: *Above left*—Josephine (Frances Cuka) and Geoffrey (Murray Melvin) enjoy themselves for a few minutes in *A Taste of Honey* at Wyndham's Theatre in London. *Above right*—Helen (Avis Bunnage), who is Josephine's mother, and her daughter are together in a tense scene. The play by Miss Shelagh Delaney was first produced at the Theatre Royal in Stratford, in east London, last year. The plot is concerned with sordid life in a back street of a Lancashire town.

***On left*—**
A CURIOUS RELATIONSHIP: Josephine, who is pregnant by another man, is comforted by Geoffrey, a young student, who has befriended her.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Helen, who is a most disreputable character, talks with Josephine, a victim of the environment of her upbringing.

"A TASTE OF HONEY"

When last year Miss Shelagh Delaney's play was produced by Theatre Workshop at the Theatre Royal, in Stratford, London, it attracted attention from discerning critics. Now, with certain alterations to the original cast, it has come to the West End. The authoress is an actress in her own right—she is at present appearing at the Stratford Theatre Royal in *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T' Be*—but it is in characterisation rather than plot that she excels in *A Taste of Honey*. The people in the grubby house come to life. However, one never doubts what is going to happen to the raddled mother, whose affaires are always temporary; her daughter, lover of a Negro, and the presumably homosexual student who befriends the young Helen. This is a play worth seeing, with promise of better things to come from the authoress, who was only twenty years old when she wrote the play.

***On left*—**
CONTRASTS IN CHARACTERS: From the left are Peter (Nigel Davenport), a vulgar and boisterous personality; Helen, who is currently granting him her favours; the sensitive, almost effeminate, student, Geoffrey; and the expectant and tragic mother, Josephine.

MERCANTILE AND NAVAL

A New British Tanker and H.M.S. "Tiger"

THE "BRITISH FULMAR" ON HER SPEED TRIALS: The new tanker for the British Petroleum Company's fleet is seen steaming at speed off the Isle of Arran, in Scotland. *British Fulmar* was built in the yards of Alexander Stephen in Glasgow, her keel being laid in June 1957. She was launched at the end of September last year. Her overall length is 525 ft., her breadth 69 ft. and her depth 37 ft. With a gross tonnage of around 11,000 tons, her service speed when loaded is estimated at between 14 and 15 knots. Power is provided by a Stephen-Sulzer marine diesel engine. Navigational equipment of the latest type includes radar and V.H.F. radio telephone. Much of the accommodation for the ship's company is air-conditioned, and for the rest there is a mechanical ventilation and heating system. A swimming-pool is on the boat deck aft. Certain of the *British Fulmar's* cargo oil tanks are cathodically protected.

AN ADDITION TO THE STRENGTH OF THE ROYAL NAVY: This is the first official photograph to be released by the Admiralty of H.M.S. *Tiger*. She is a cruiser which is being commissioned on March 17 at John Brown's Yard on the Clyde. She will be the first of the "Tiger" class to be accepted into service, and is the first warship to be equipped with fully-automatic 6- and 3-in. guns and their associated control equipment. The improved 6-in. armament on the *Tiger* has a rate of fire three times that of any previous 6-in. gun. The rate of fire of the 3-in. secondary armament is comparable with that of a machine-gun. The cruiser has a displacement of 9,550 tons; her length is 555½ ft. overall, beam 64 ft. and draught 21 ft. She will have a complement of 900 men, and her first captain will be Captain R. E. Washbourn, D.S.O., O.B.E. There are two other cruisers in this class under construction—the *Blake* and the *Lion*. According to present plans it is expected that both ships will be completed in 1960.

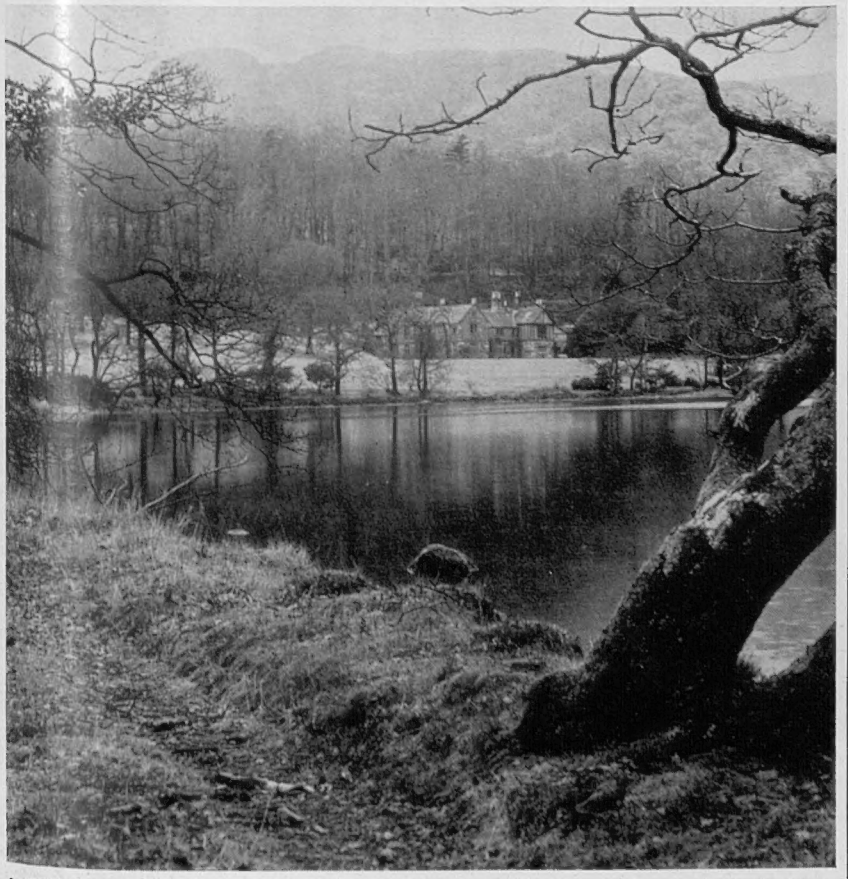
A HOUSE BY THE LAKE

Wasdale Hall, in Cumberland, and its Surrounding Land Has Been Acquired by the National Trust

WASDALE HALL : The house is in the dense woods a mile from Wasdale Head, on Wast Water. The National Trust has also acquired 53 acres of wooded land and a strip a mile long on the edge of the lake in Cumberland. The area is famous for its wild scenery.

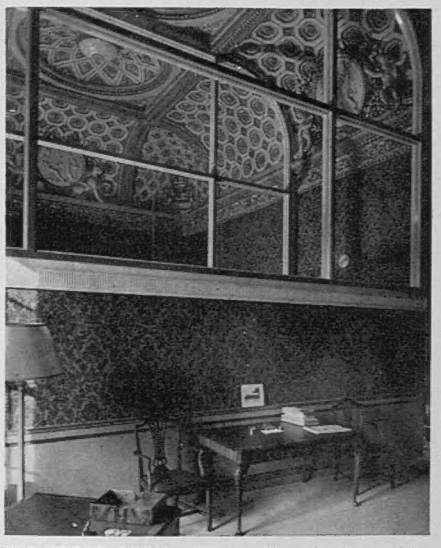
One of the properties recently acquired by the National Trust is Wasdale Hall with 53 acres of woodland and a strip a mile long on the side of Wast Water, in the Lake District. The acquisition was made chiefly to preserve the beauty of the lands at one end of the lake which is the deepest in Cumberland and is renowned for its sombre grandeur. The National Trust hopes that the house itself, built in the nineteenth century and altered later, may be let as a hotel or for summer holidays.

Behind Wasdale Hall are the Screes, a line of high crags. The name comes from the fan-shaped banks of crumbling rock, which pour down from the end of each gully and sometimes extend half-way up the mountainside. At the head of the lake, the water is closed in by a group of mountains. In the centre is Great Gable, flanked by Lingmell and Yewbarrow. Near Lingmell is the beginning of the slope of Scafell, most of which is hidden from Wast Water by the Screes. Wasdale Head, the valley surrounded by the mountains, has been called the wildest of all inhabited valleys in England.



A VIEW OF THE HOUSE : On the other side of Wast Water, the deepest of all the lakes in the Lake District, is Wasdale Hall, at the foot of the Wasdale Screes. These are a line of crags, which are 1,500 ft. high, and rise steeply from the lakeside.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ELEGANCE : The exterior of Spencer House, in St. James's Place. The building has recently been restored.



THE GREAT ROOM : The ceiling is its pride. The room has been divided into three for the directors of the firm which has restored the house and is now occupying it.

SPENCER HOUSE RESTORED

Rejuvenation of a Famous London Mansion

In St. James's Place, close to Green Park, in London, a white, almost shining building now catches the eye. This is Spencer House. For many years it was unoccupied and fell into a state of sad dilapidation. Recently the restoration of it has been completed, through the enterprise of the British Oxygen Company. When the firm took a lease of the house as business premises, they knew it was scheduled as an Ancient Monument. Therefore a most expensive restoration would have to be carried out to the approval of the Ministry of Works and according to the exacting requirements of the owner, the present Lord Spencer. No one will dispute that the Company has admirably fulfilled its side of the bargain and that Spencer House to-day is a splendid example of the combination of culture and commerce.

John Spencer, later Lord Spencer, a great-grandson of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, ordered the building of the house in that halcyon period of English taste, the mid-eighteenth century. There is some confusion about the identity of the architects but probably General Gray, one of the most expert amateurs of his time, and John Vardy, Clerk of the Works for various Royal Palaces, both had a hand in the design. James "Athenian" Stuart, whose work was just coming into vogue, was commissioned for the interior decorating. His particular triumph was the Painted Room. The repairers found it in an appalling condition of neglect, but it has been restored to all its former glory, including the magnificent ceiling. It is now a most worthy board room for the directors of the company responsible for such a careful and delightful restoration.

IN GRECIAN STYLE : The Painted Room is now the Board Room. Before restoration all that remained of "Athenian" Stuart's ceiling were two panels and two pieces of plaster work. From these originals the ceiling and frame have been reconstituted.

RE-STYLED FORDS AND VICTORS

A Lower Roof Line for the Big Fords; Improved Appearance of the Victors; Preview of the Motor Racing Season

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

TWO of Britain's best-selling car ranges have had a face-lift. I refer to the Vauxhall Victor models and the Ford Company's Consul, Zephyr and Zodiac. The big Fords have been given a lower roof line without reducing head-room. It gives a sleeker profile but it is such a subtle refinement that the flatter roof line is obvious only when one of the new cars is seen parked next to one of the old models. More stainless steel and chrome is used to adorn the exteriors of these Fords. Some critics may say they have rather overdone it, but I personally consider the general effect to be good, and I certainly applaud the use of more stainless steel. I only hope that the clips covering the joins in the stainless steel surrounds of the screen and rear window are stainless.

The Consul and Zephyr have tail-lamps of new design and, in the case of the 4-cylinder model, they blend with extended side panels to give this car a better line. Bright metal wheel discs are supplied as standard equipment on the de luxe Consul and on the Zodiac. The interiors of the big Fords have been completely redesigned. The instrument cluster is in a rectangular housing behind the steering-wheel and faired into a foam-padded facia. The control knobs are in the centre of the facia on a decorative panel and carry pictorial markings. These are provided not because Fords think British motorists are morons but because they have many overseas customers for whom British identification letters would have to be changed.

Seating has been redesigned and there is a wide choice of upholstery, including a material known as cougar grain P.V.C. This has been adopted in place of imitation cowhide. All doors have arm-rests, the front ones have new-style safety locks and the quarter lights now have a positive locking device which prevents their being opened from the outside. All these improvements are being offered at no extra charge, the total cost of the cheapest versions of the three models still being: Consul, £818 17s.; Zephyr, £916 7s.; Zodiac, £1,013 17s. It is almost exactly three years since the Consul, Zephyr and Zodiac as we know them to-day were first introduced. Since then 340,000 have been sold. More than half have gone overseas. If you are interested in statistics you may like to know that one of the Consuls was the 4,000,000th vehicle to be built by Fords since they opened up at Dagenham, Essex, twenty-eight years ago. The last 3,000,000 were built since the war.

The new Victor has a greatly improved appearance. Vauxhall stylists have ironed out most of those unfortunate kinks and excrescences which put this otherwise excellent car right out of the running for the title of Britain's most beautiful saloon. The Victor is now a much sleeker, better-looking car. Luton stylists say with truth (plus a touch of the jargon of Detroit) that the car now has a "straight-through" look. This is how the cleaning-up process has been achieved: there are new rear-door panels (that curved indentation has gone); the depression round the lock of the boot-lid has been eliminated; the front edge of the roof is now smoothly curved and the bonnet has a single centre rib instead of two. The radiator grille now extends over the full width of the car, the redesigned bumpers are simpler and stronger and there are new rear wings and side lamps. The traditional Vauxhall flutes, I am glad to see, have been retained. On the two-colour models they extend as rubbing strips to the back of the car.

That, then, is the new Victor as far as external appearance goes. The inside gets a new look, too. The front seats are deeper, the door trim has been redesigned, and there are other refinements. Mechanically, there is little change. The 1½-litre Vauxhall has been gradually improved in this respect since the Victor was first announced two years ago. These mechanical refinements include a new exhaust system, a slipper-type accelerator pedal in place of the original stalk-type pedal, a revised petrol-filler pipe, higher front seat squabs, bigger window-frames to give better door-sealing, an improved supply of cold air for hot-weather use and the adoption of helical coil springs for the rear seat squab. The new Victor now gets a radiator whose frontal area has been increased by 5 per cent., a water pump and header tank of new design, a cooling fan of increased diameter and a bonnet lid which opens 6 ins. higher.

In addition to the Victor Super there is now a Super de Luxe. It costs £848 17s., including purchase tax. That is £52 10s. more than the Super, the basic price of which has been increased by £10. The standard Victor now costs £7 more, plus tax, but the estate car version costs £15 less on list price, the new total price of this popular Victor variant being £908 17s. Distinguishing features of the de luxe Super include individual front seats with separate adjustment, two-tone leather upholstery, a choice of four two-tone exterior finishes not available on the Super, special door trim incorporating oval panels, thick pile carpets, an ashtray in the back of each front seat and special wheel treatment.

In two years 145,000 Victors have been built and a large percentage has gone abroad. In fact, the car is one of Britain's best-selling export models. It is particularly popular in the U.S., where the General Motors' wide distributive system has been able to present the Victor in a considerable area. Two features of the car which have appealed to American motorists are the fact that it has synchromesh on all three gears; and the size of the luggage-boot.

A SLEEKER FORD CONSUL DE LUXE: In common with other models in the Ford Mark II range, the roof line of the Consul de luxe has been lowered, without impairing the head-room. The extended rear panels blend with the new tail-lamps. Wheel discs are standard equipment. More stainless steel and chrome is used on the bodywork.

NEW APPEARANCE FOR THE VICTOR: The Series 2 Vauxhall Victor range includes this de luxe model, which has individual front seats in leather, a range of different two-tone exteriors and other features. All Series 2 cars have a new front-end treatment—with new bonnet and grille—and wrap-around bumpers at front and rear.

It won't be long before the 1959 motor-racing season opens. Probably the first meeting will be the event laid on for its members at Goodwood, Sussex, by the British Automobile Racing Club next Saturday. The B.A.R.C. has a very busy season in prospect, with a total of seventeen meetings at five different circuits: Goodwood, Aintree, Crystal Palace, Mallory Park (Leicestershire) and Oulton Park (Cheshire). Four of these events will be international and two of them will count towards world championships: the British Grand Prix at Aintree on July 18 and the Tourist Trophy sports car race at Goodwood on September 26. The B.A.R.C. Easter Monday meeting at Goodwood will include a Formula I race which will be the first to be held this year anywhere in the world. It is hoped that Stirling Moss will take part in this race in Mr. Rob Walker's B.R.M.-engined Cooper, which Moss also plans to drive for Mr. Walker in the Monaco Grand Prix in May. This is the first of the world championship events. There is a chance that Tony Brooks will race at Goodwood on Easter Monday in a Formula I Ferrari. The twenty-six-year-old dentist from Cheshire has signed to drive Formula I and sports cars for Enzo Ferrari this season.

Brooks, like Moss, had hoped to drive a Vanwall again this year. In this British car Moss was runner-up to Mike Hawthorn in the world championship and Brooks, winner of three Grands Prix (Belgium, Germany and Italy), finished third. Their successes in the Vanwall gained for Mr. Tony Vandervell, who ran the Vanwall team, the manufacturers' world championship. Mr. Vandervell's withdrawal of the Vanwall team on account of ill health put both Moss and Brooks in a dilemma. Moss dearly wants to be the first Briton to win the world championship in a British car, but his chances of doing so in the B.R.M.-engined Cooper would appear to be slight, even supposing Mr. Alfred Owen is prepared to supply engines for the whole season. Brooks, whose choice of cars is limited by the terms of his contract with one of the big oil companies, quickly decided there was little prospect of his being able to line up a reliable British car. So he has signed on for Ferrari, whose chief has been after Brooks for some time. This move puts Brooks well in the running for the world championship.

Sportsmen everywhere will be glad to learn that the R.A.C. has taken the initiative in planning a national memorial to Mike Hawthorn. It had received a number of suggestions that it should do so. A council is to be formed and on it will be represented the leading motor clubs and other interested bodies. It will be the council's task to arrange a memorial fund and decide what form the memorial shall take. Two suggestions received so far: a national engineering scholarship and a village hall or boys club at Farnham, Surrey, where Hawthorn, first Briton ever to win the world championship, ran a garage business.

When Mr. Harry Austin died at Birmingham recently at the age of eighty-two, the motor industry lost an old friend who helped to make automobile history in this country. He was a Yorkshireman and brother of the late Lord Austin, with whom he spent his entire career in the industry. When Herbert Austin founded his own car factory at Longbridge after working for the Wolseley Sheep Shearing Co., his brother Harry became chassis shop superintendent: a post he nominally held right up to the time of his death.

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A bronze head of the Emperor Augustus. It is about 2,000 years old and is reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

Few printers can, within their own works, carry out the many highly technical operations necessary to produce an illustration in glowing colour such as this. Fewer still can offer three alternative processes — letterpress, photolithography or photogravure. K.H.K. is one of the few that can provide this service from the taking of the photograph right through to the finished reproduction

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FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY

H.M.S. AMETHYST

This famous name has been in the Navy List since 1793. But the AMETHYST which will be most remembered is the latest ship to bear the name, a frigate of the Black Swan class, built in 1943 and successfully employed in anti-submarine actions during the War. Her most famous exploit, however, was running the gauntlet of the Chinese Communist batteries down the Yangtze River on the night of July 30th, 1949. She is shown here meeting the cruiser H.M.S. Jamaica north of Formosa on the day after her dramatic escape.